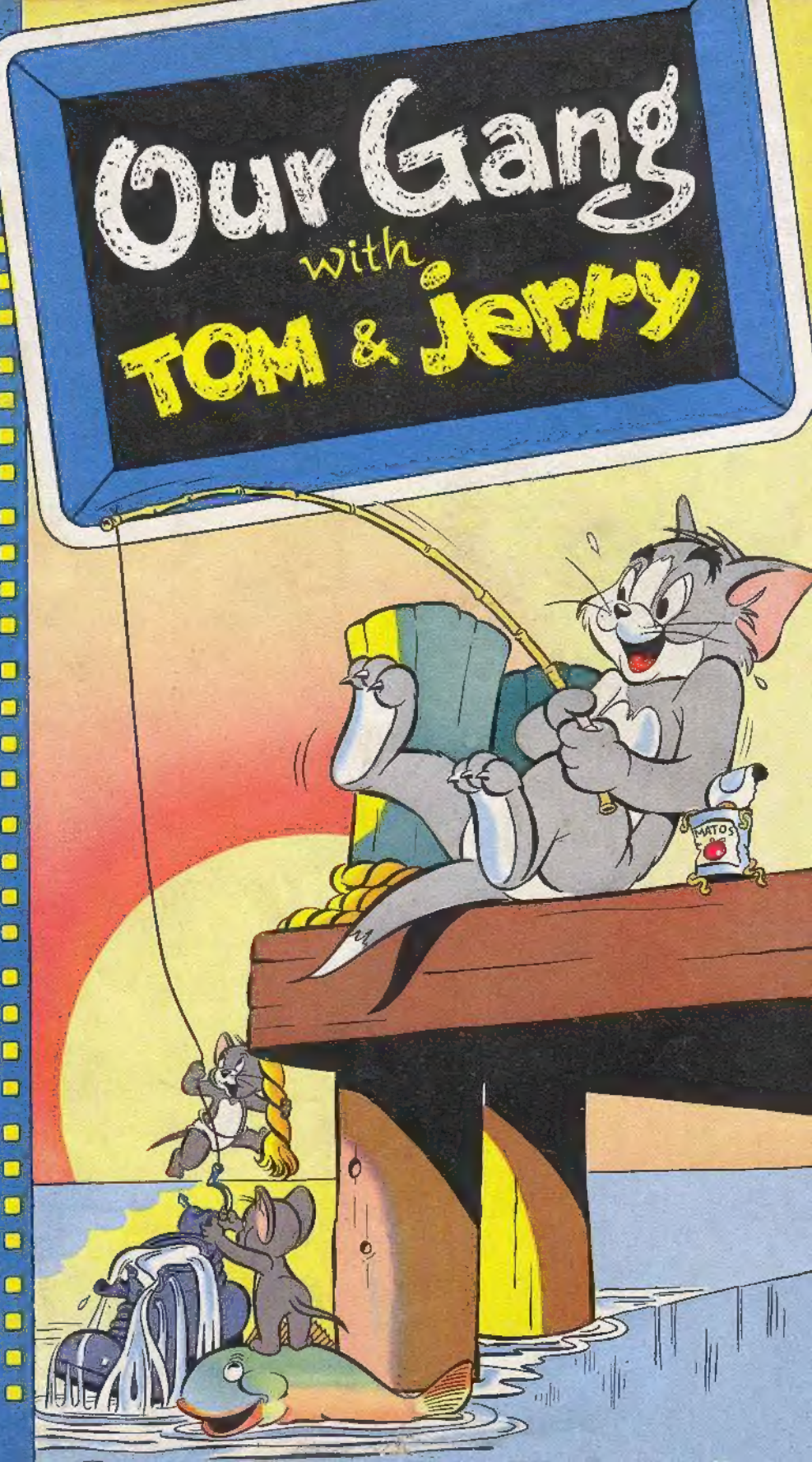




JANUARY - 10¢

A DELL COMIC
DELL
A DELL COMIC



TOM AND JERRY

I JUST SAW TOM CAT COMING UP OVER THE HILL. LET'S HIDE IN THIS HOLE AND WHEN HE GOES BY WE'LL CALL HIM NAMES AND INSULT HIM!

OKAY! -- HE-HE!!

HE WON'T KNOW WHERE THE VOICES ARE COMING FROM!

HE'LL PROBABLY DRIVE HIMSELF CRAZY LOOKING FOR THEM!

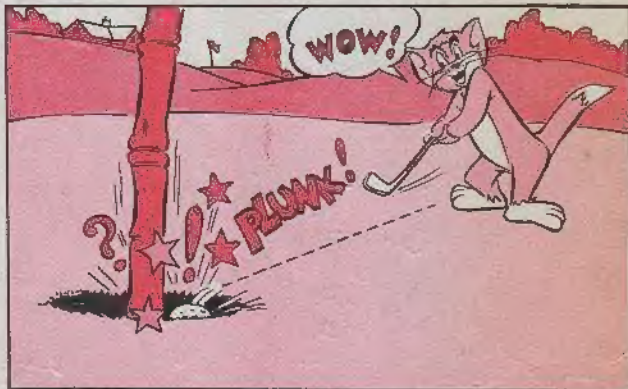
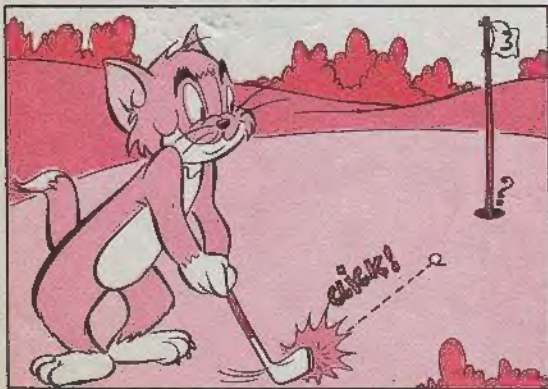
I WONDER WHAT THIS POLE IS STUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HOLE FOR?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT IT MAKES IT EASIER FOR US TO GET IN AND OUT!

IT'S NICE AND COOL DOWN HERE!

SHH! -- I HEAR TOM WHISTLING HE'S GETTING NEAR!

DA-DI-DE -- BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR GOLF! -- AND THAT WAS A GREAT SHOT I MADE! -- NOW TO SINK MY PUTT!!



OH, TOM CAT! -- YOU'RE AS SHARP AS A TACK TO-DAY!

HI, MICE! -- OUT FOR A WALK, I SEE! -- WONDERFUL DAY, ISN'T IT?

WHAT'S WONDERFUL ABOUT IT?

NOT WITH MY HEADACHE, IT ISN'T!

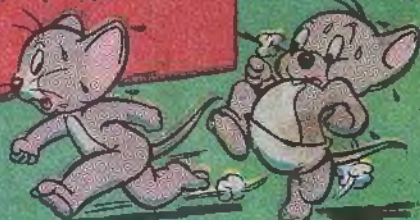


M-G-M presents.

TOM and JERRY.

TOM CAT SAYS WE DISGRACED HIM AND THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD LAST MONTH, BY LETTING ROWDY RAT JUNIOR PUSH US ALL OVER THE PLACE!

YEH!-NOW HE'S TRAINING US TO TOUGHEN US UP SO WE CAN BEAT UP ROWDY!



ALL THIS RUNNING AROUND IS SUPPOSED TO DEVELOP OUR WIND-BUT IT JUST TIRES ME OUT.

ME TOO!-- LET'S TAKE A REST!

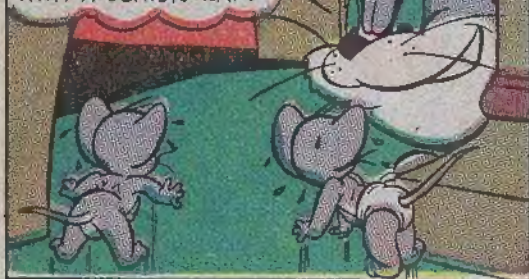


WOW!--I'M READY TO DROP!

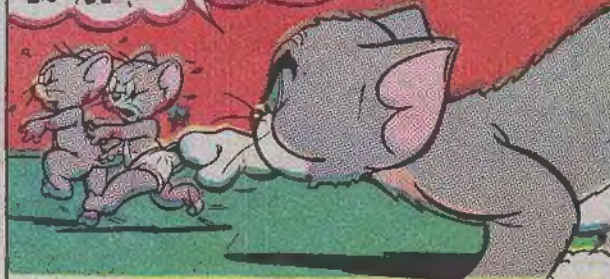
WHY DOESN'T OLD TOM CAT BEAT UP ROWDY RAT JUNIOR, HIMSELF?--I'LL BET HE'S AFRAID OF HIM TOO!



OH, YOU THINK SO, HUH? -FOR YOUR INFORMATION, IT'S BENEATH THE DIGNITY OF A CAT OF MY STANDING TO FIGHT WITH A JUNIOR RAT!



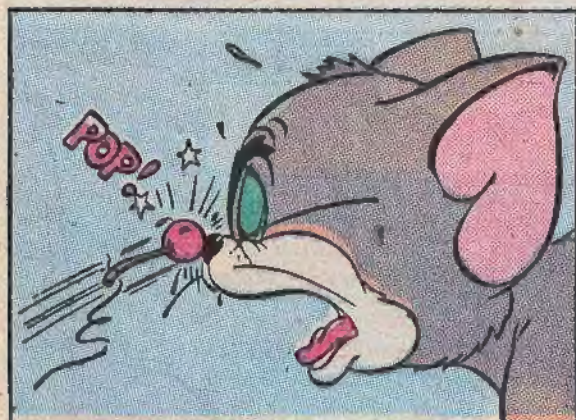
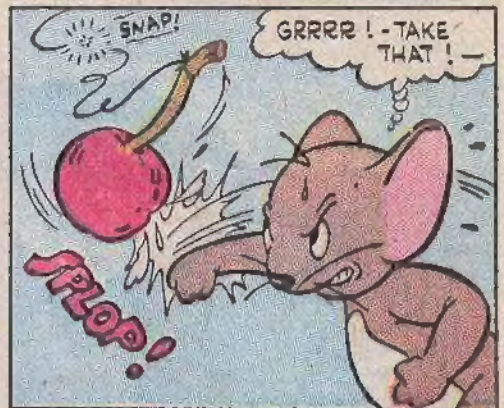
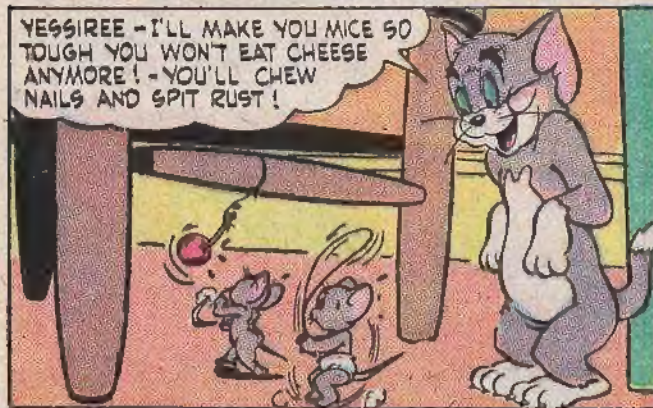
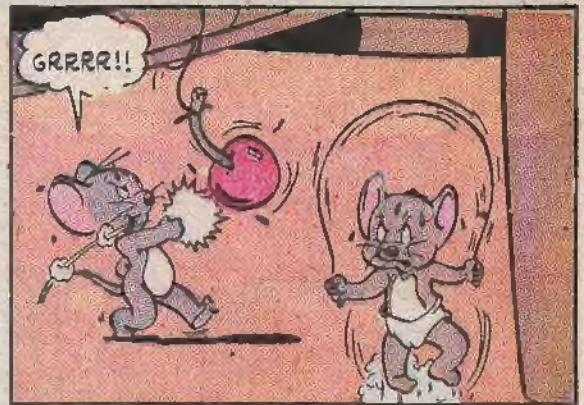
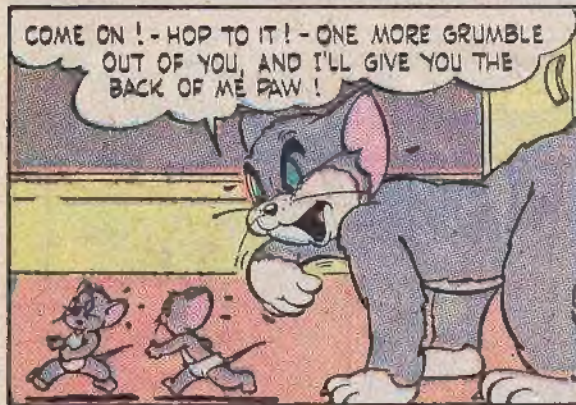
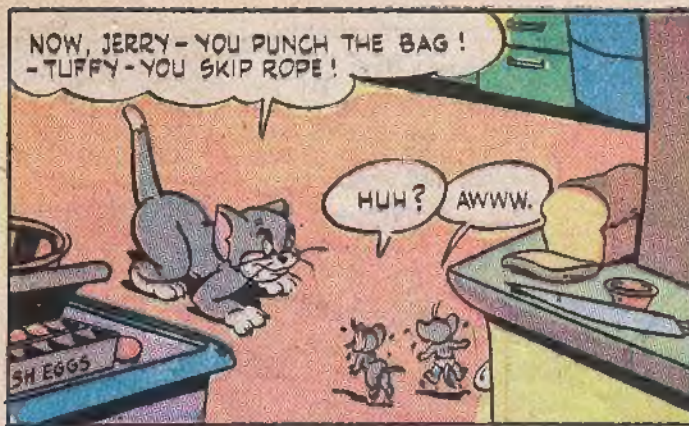
BESIDE--YOU TWO ARE THE ONES WHO DISGRACED OUR HOUSE!--NOT ME!--NOW GET A MOVE ON--NO MORE LOAFING! I'M GONNA GET YOU IN SHAPE IF IT KILLS ME!--ER-YOU!

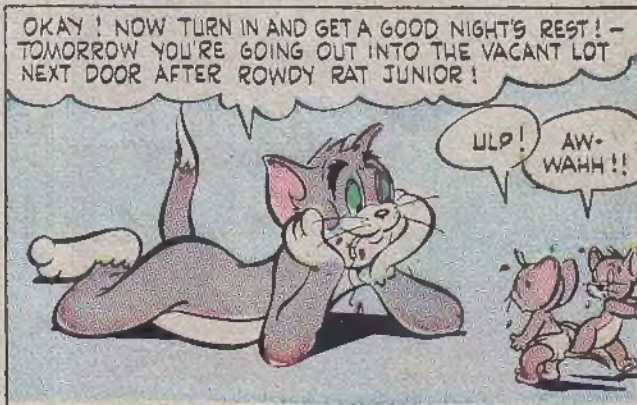
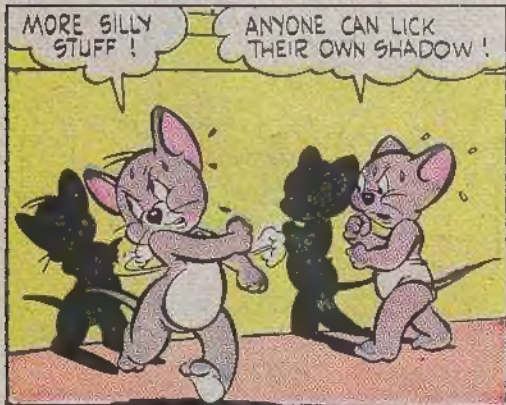
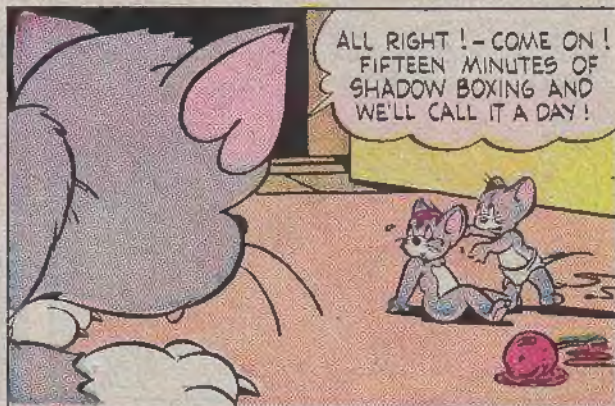
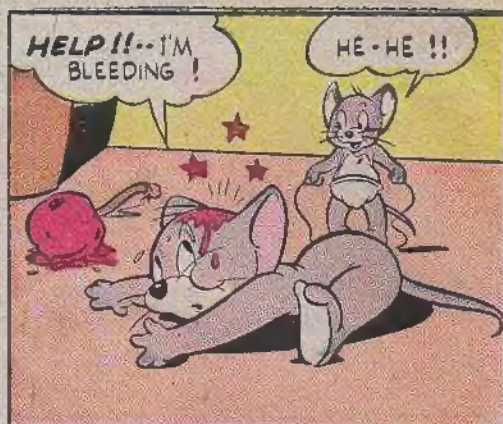
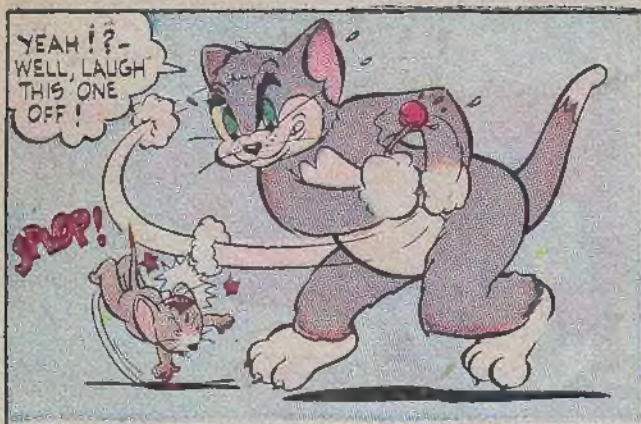


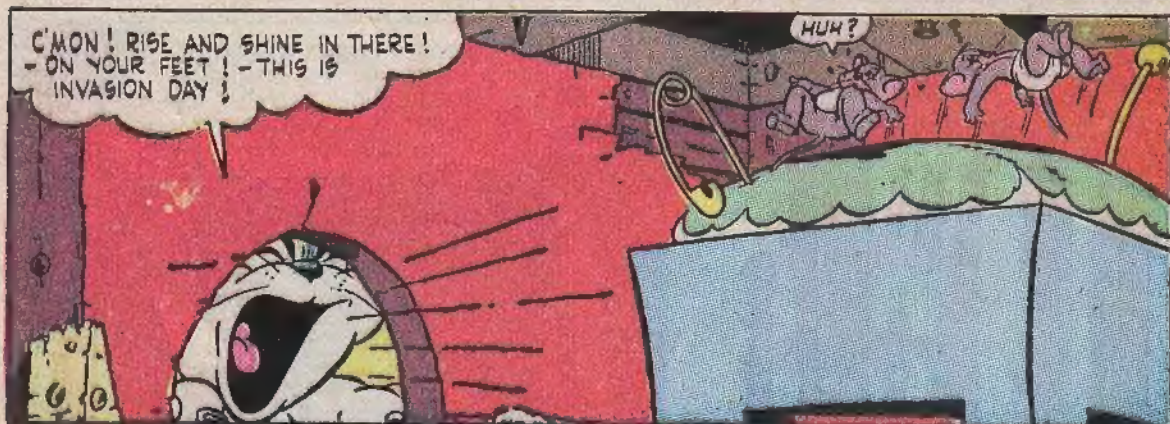
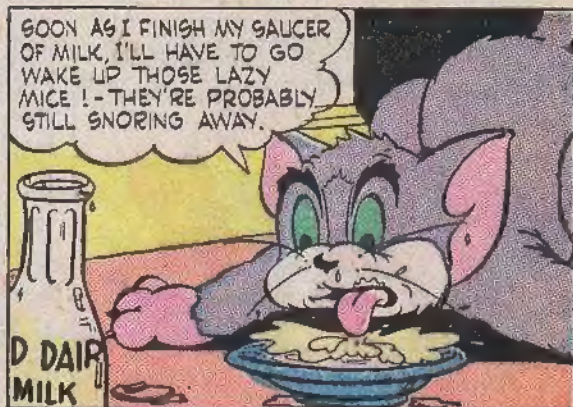
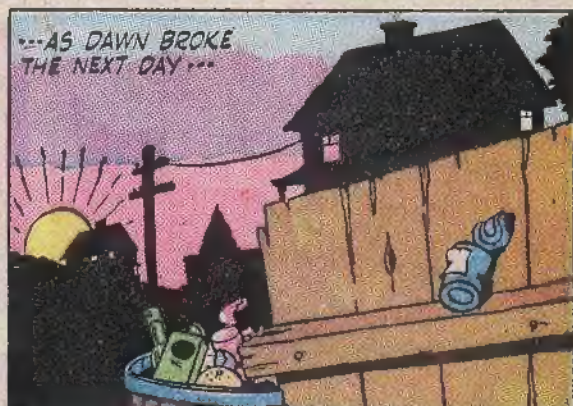
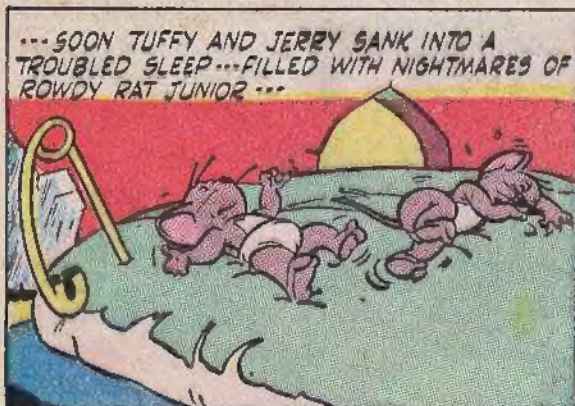
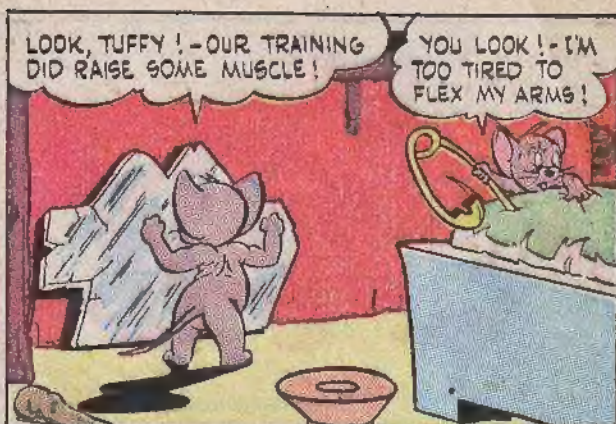
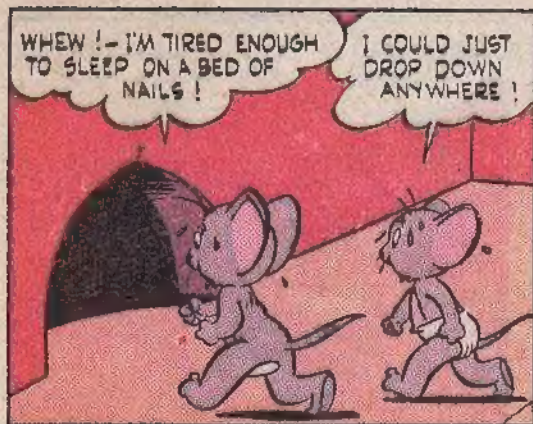
OKAY!-- THAT'S ENOUGH ROAD WORK FOR NOW!

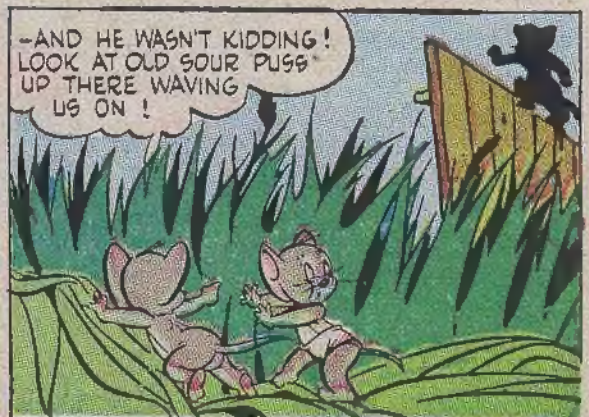
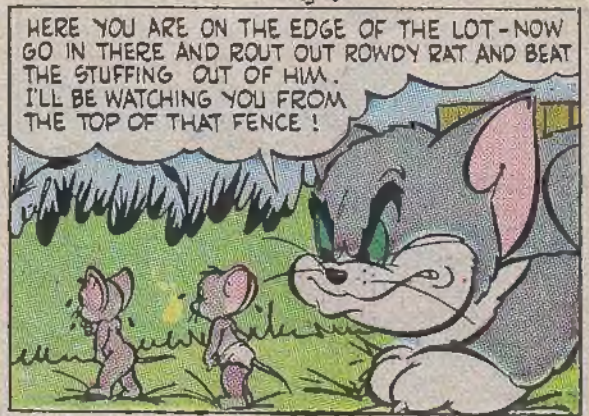
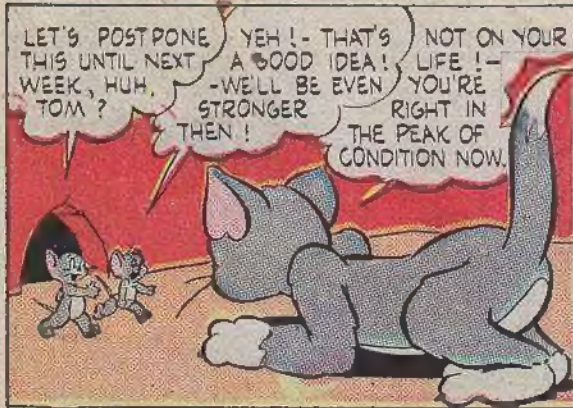
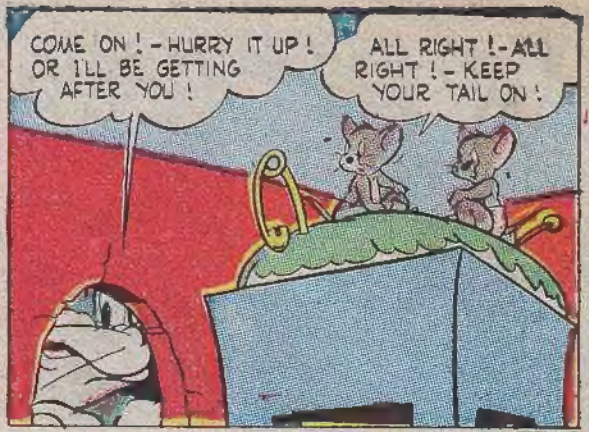


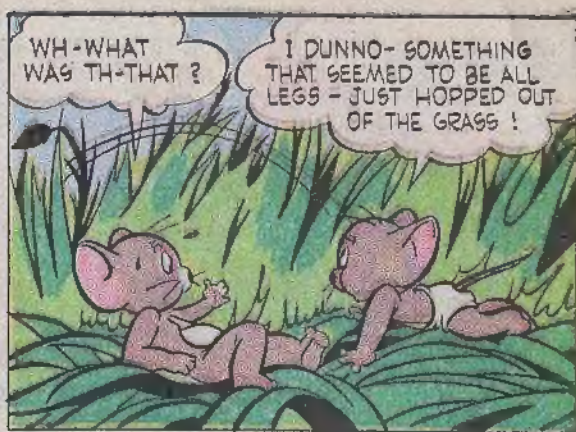
FREE! A big picture of TOM AND JERRY. See back cover.











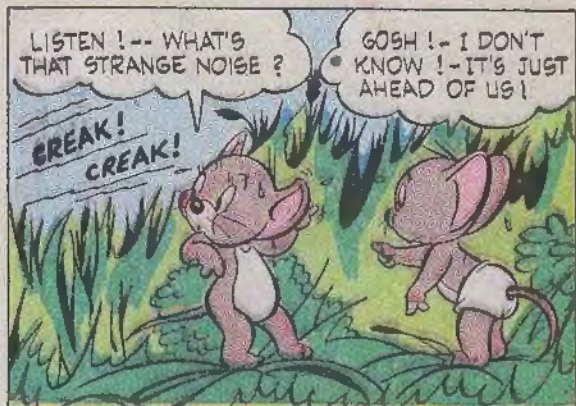
WH-WHAT
WAS TH-THAT ?

I DUNNO- SOMETHING
THAT SEEMED TO BE ALL
LEGS - JUST HOPPED OUT
OF THE GRASS !



GOSH ! I DON'T KNOW
WHERE WE'RE HEADED,
DO YOU, TUFFY ?

NO- OR HOW
WE'RE GOING TO GET
BACK EITHER !



LISTEN !-- WHAT'S
THAT STRANGE NOISE ?

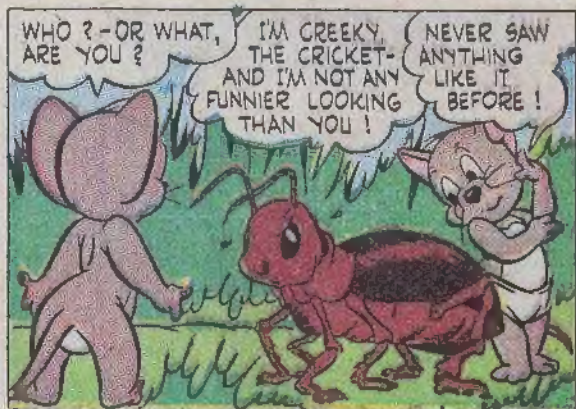
GOSH !- I DON'T
KNOW !- IT'S JUST
AHEAD OF US !

CREAK!
CREAK!



HO-HO !--
LOOK, TUFFY !

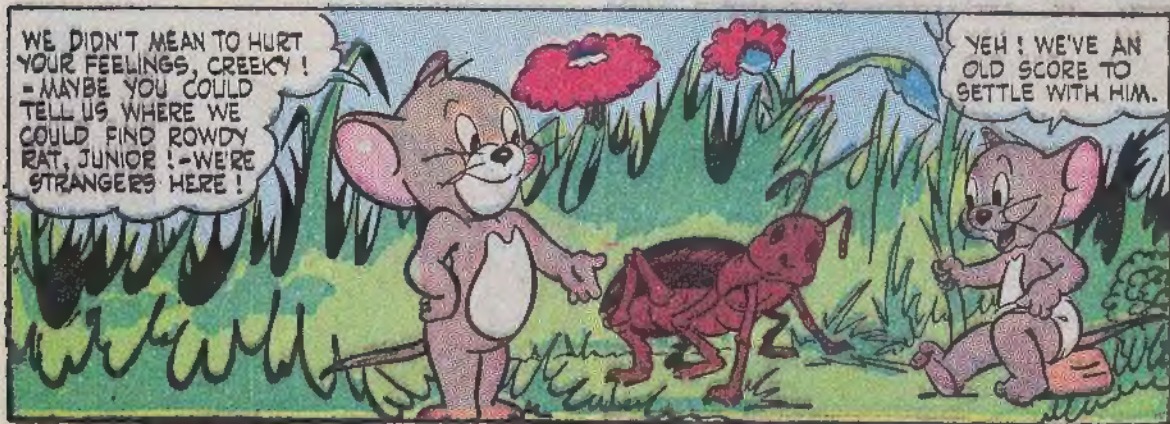
HE-HE !-WHAT A
FUNNY LOOKING CREATURE !



WHO ?-OR WHAT,
ARE YOU ?

I'M CREEKY,
THE CRICKET-
AND I'M NOT ANY
FUNNIER LOOKING
THAN YOU !

NEVER SAW
ANYTHING
LIKE IT
BEFORE !



WE DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT
YOUR FEELINGS, CREEKY !
- MAYBE YOU COULD
TELL US WHERE WE
COULD FIND ROWDY
RAT, JUNIOR !-WE'RE
STRANGERS HERE !

YEH ! WE'VE AN
OLD SCORE TO
SETTLE WITH HIM.

HE'S GENERALLY DOWN AT THE FAR END OF THE FIELD AROUND THE RAGS AND BOXES AND CANS-LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO EAT-BUT YOU HAD BETTER STEER CLEAR OF HIM-HE'S THE BULLY OF THE FIELD!

HO!-WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF HIM!



--SO JERRY AND TUFFY PLODDED THROUGH THE FIELD AND FINALLY CAME TO A CLEARING.

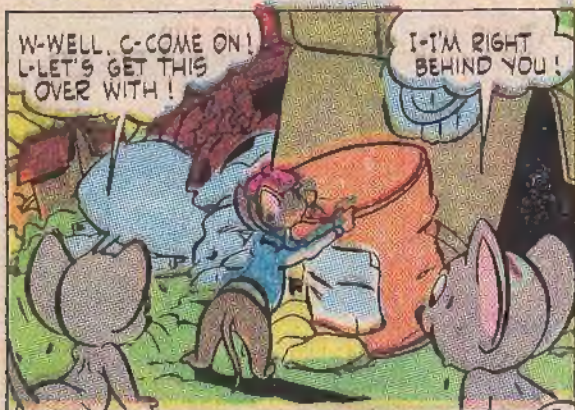
LOOK!--THERE'S ROWDY RAT!

ULP!--ARE MY KNEES SHAKING?-OR AM I CHILLY?



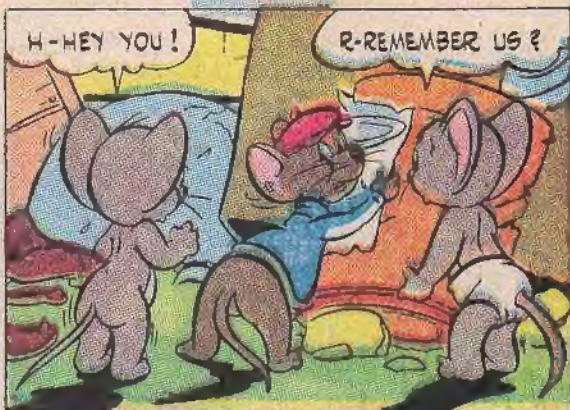
W-WELL, C-COME ON! L-LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!

I-I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



H-HEY YOU!

R-REMEMBER US?

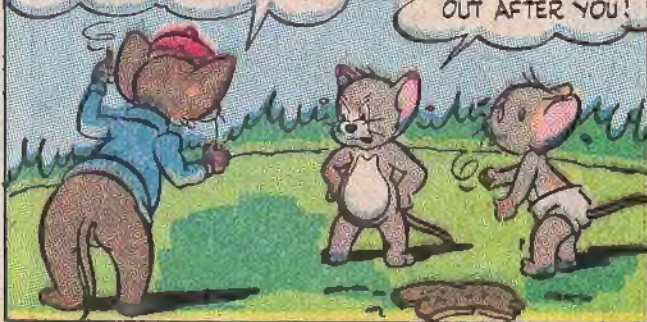


WELL, IF IT'S NOT THE TWO LITTLE TIMID MICE, -TOO SCARED TO HANDLE ME THEMSELVES, SO THEY SICKED THE BIG CAT ON ME! -- AND NOW THEY'RE IN ME OWN BACK YARD--WELL, THERE'S NO CAT HERE TO HELP YOU OUT-I'M REALLY GOING TO MANGLE YOU THIS TIME!!

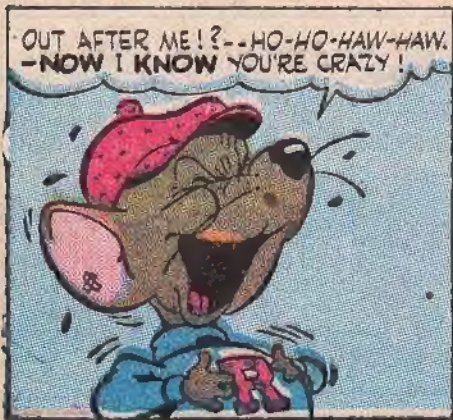


-BUT BEFORE I DO-MY CURIOSITY IS AROUSED!-WHAT BROUGHT YOU OUT INTO MY FIELD?-HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

NO!-WE'RE OUT AFTER YOU!

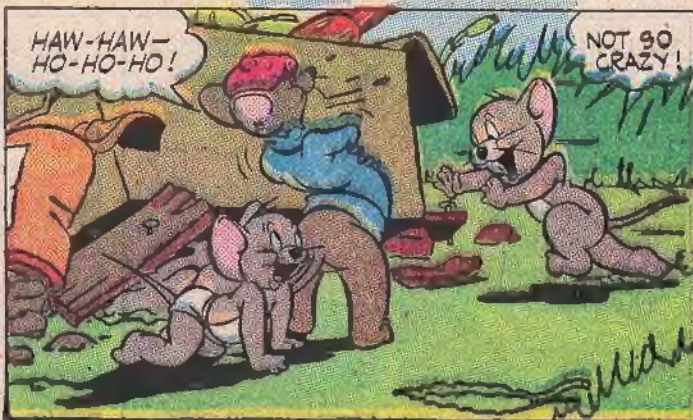


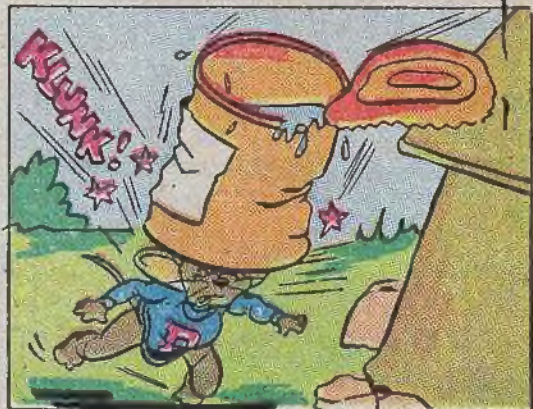
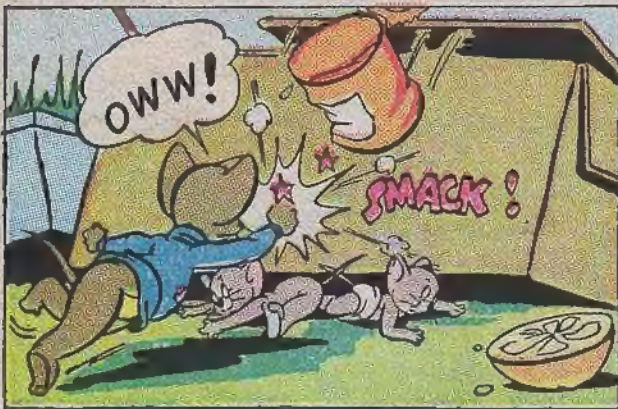
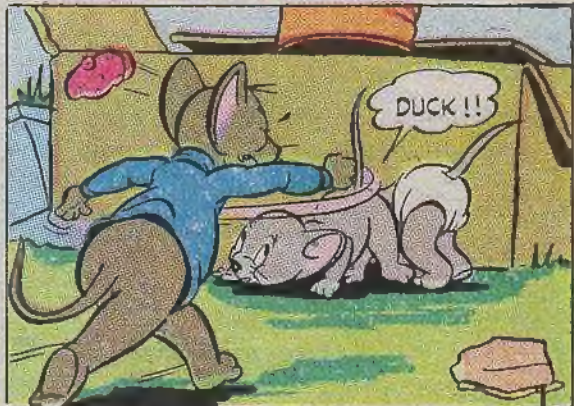
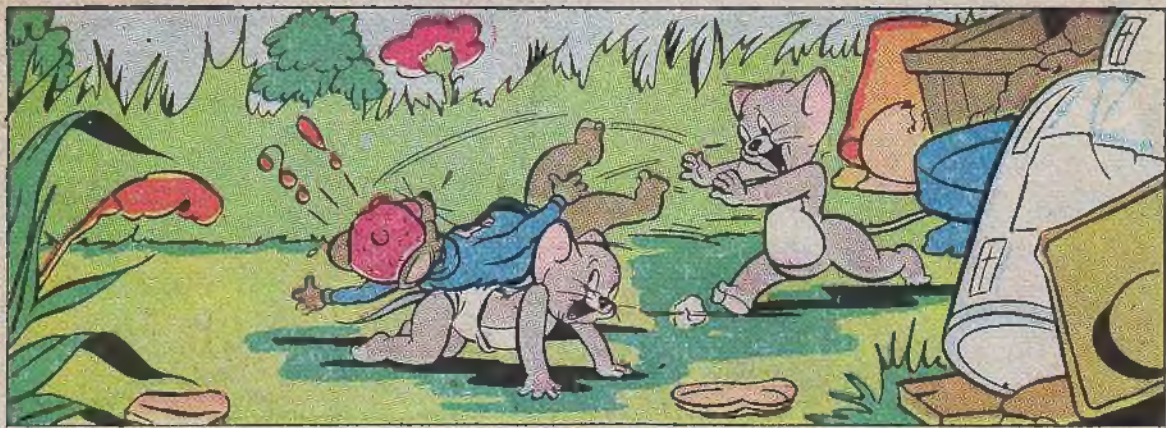
OUT AFTER ME!!--HO-HO-HAW-HAW. -NOW I KNOW YOU'RE CRAZY!



HAW-HAW-HO-HO-HO!

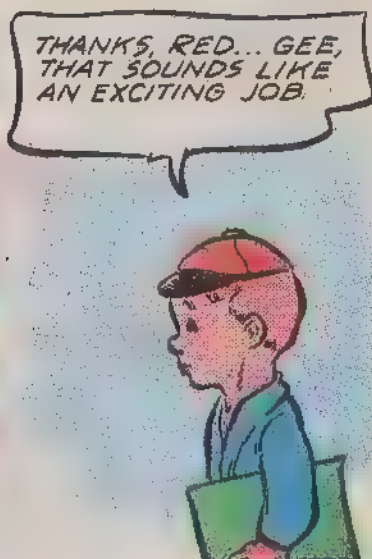
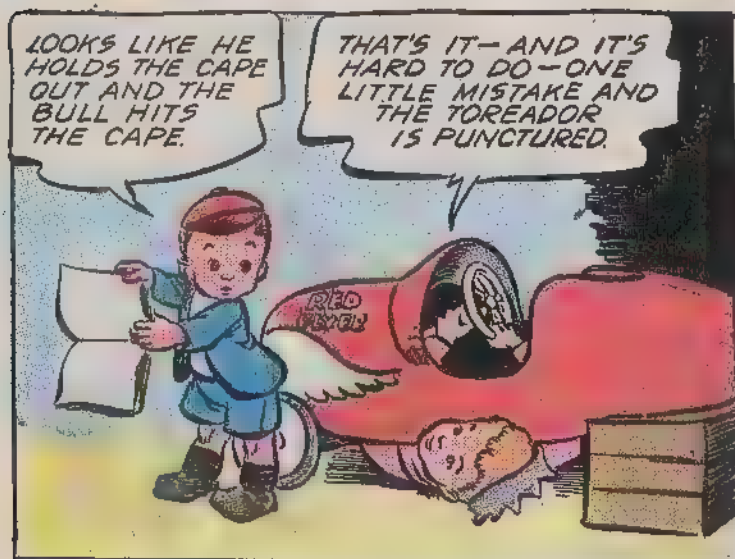
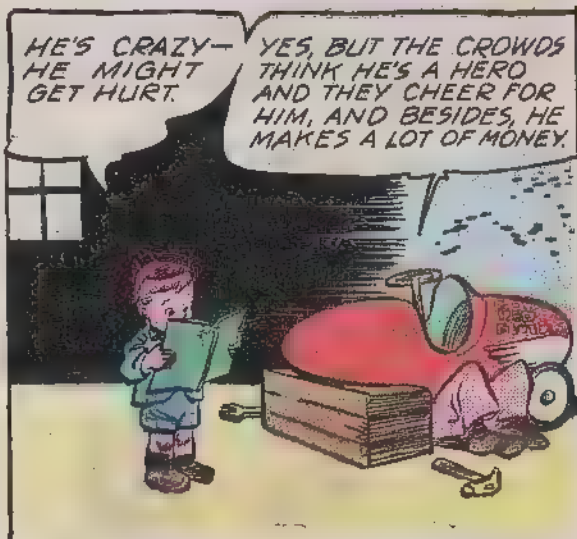
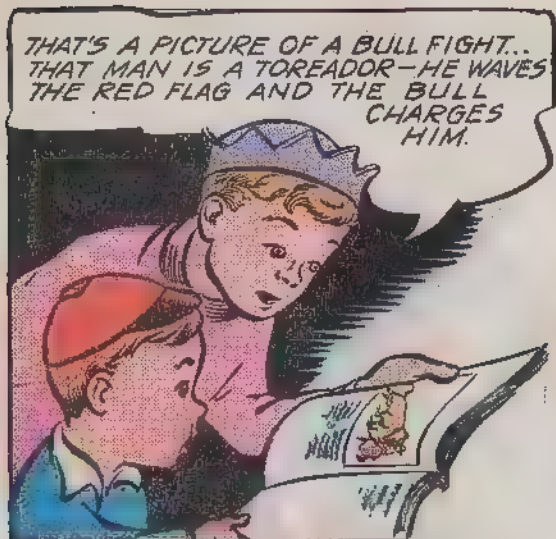
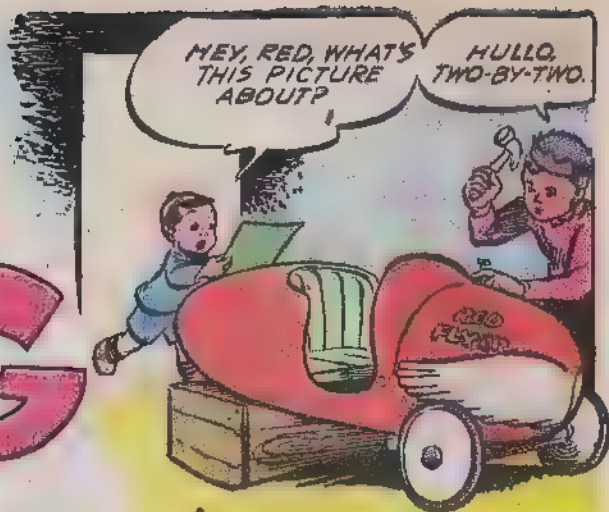
NOT SO CRAZY!



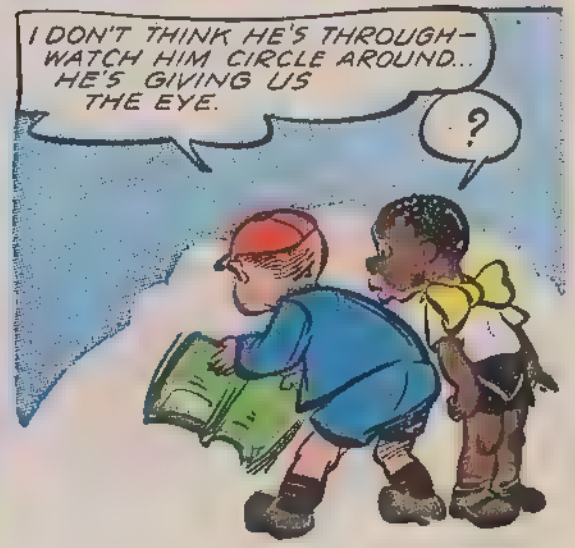
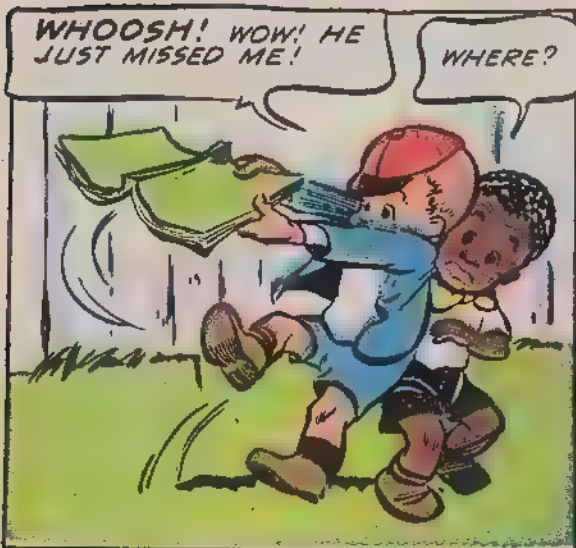
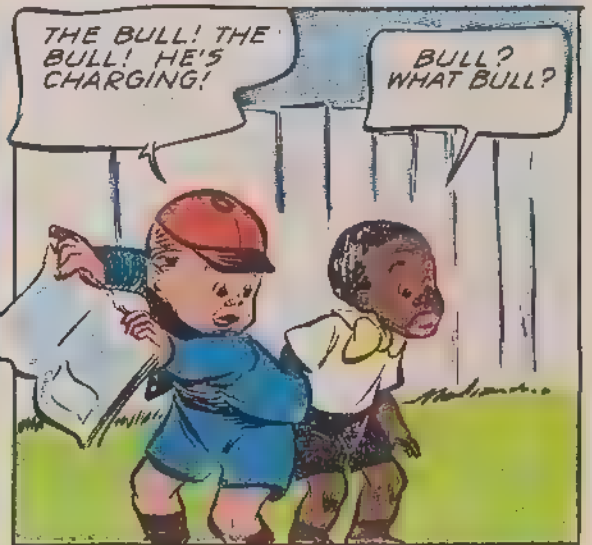
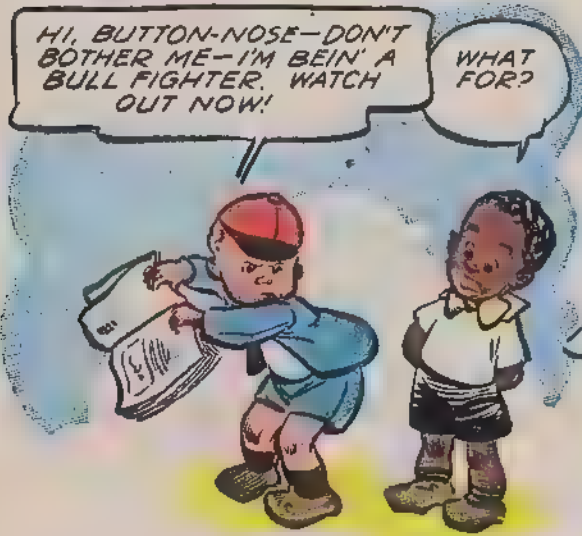
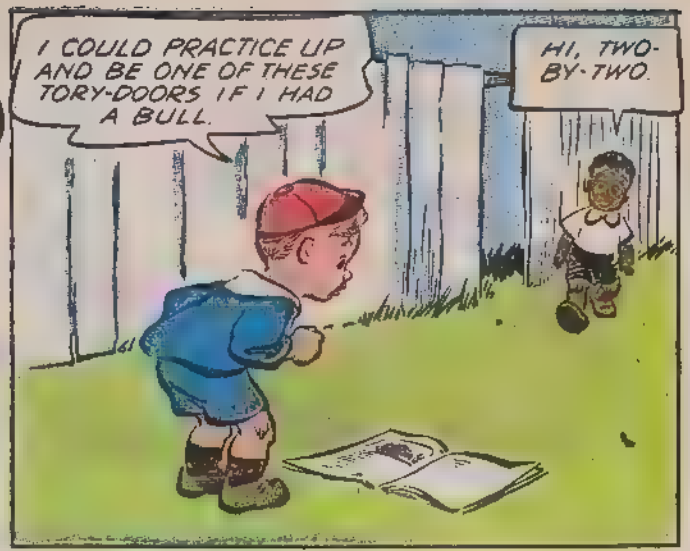


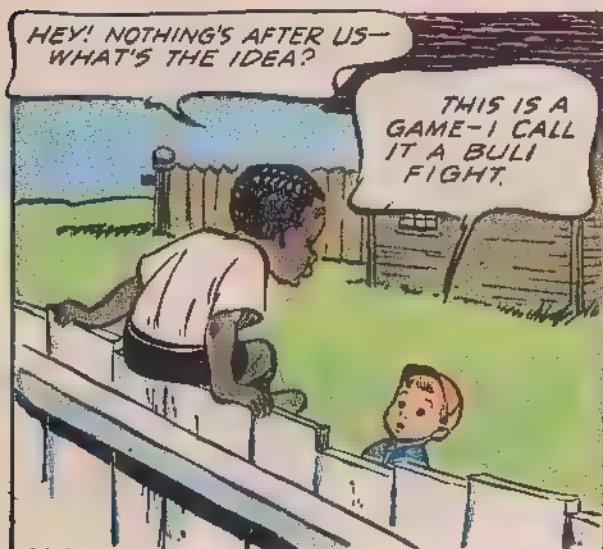
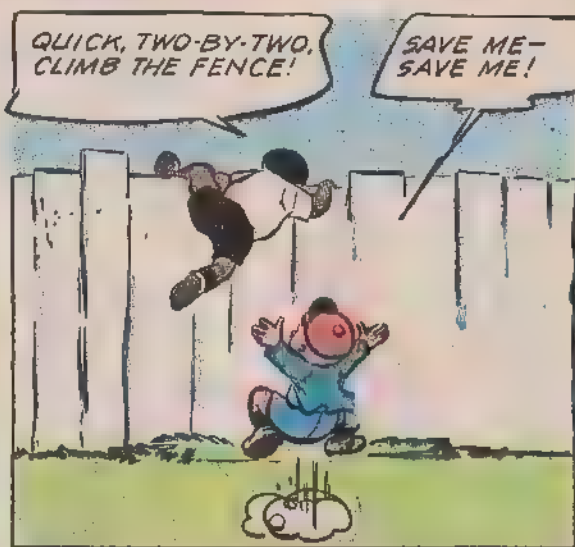
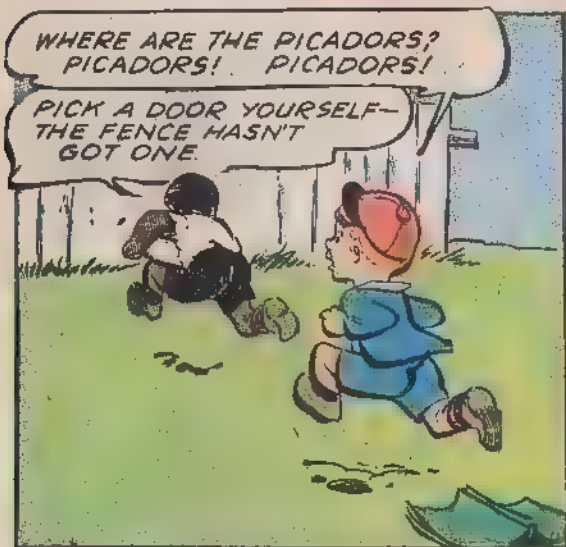
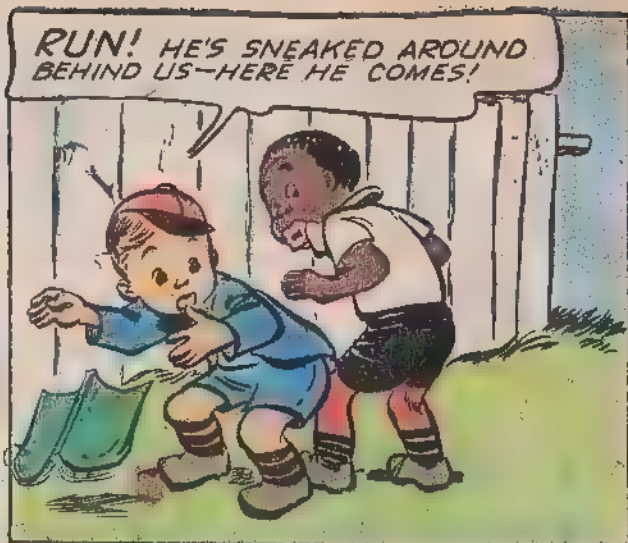
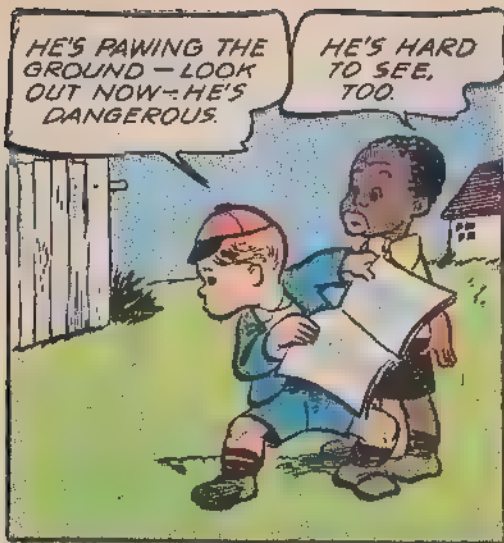
M-G-M presents.

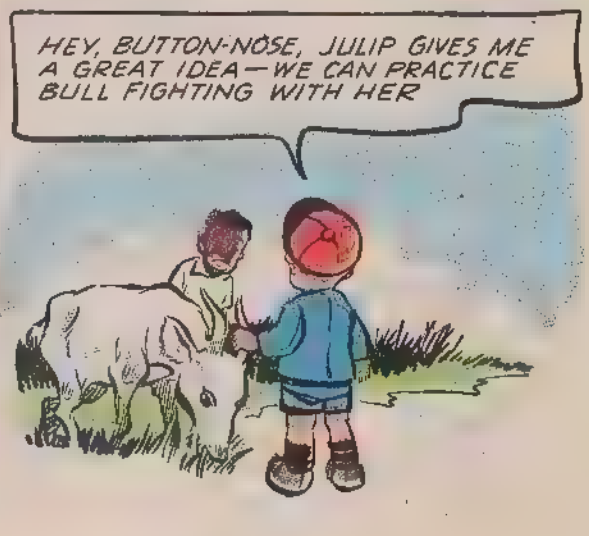
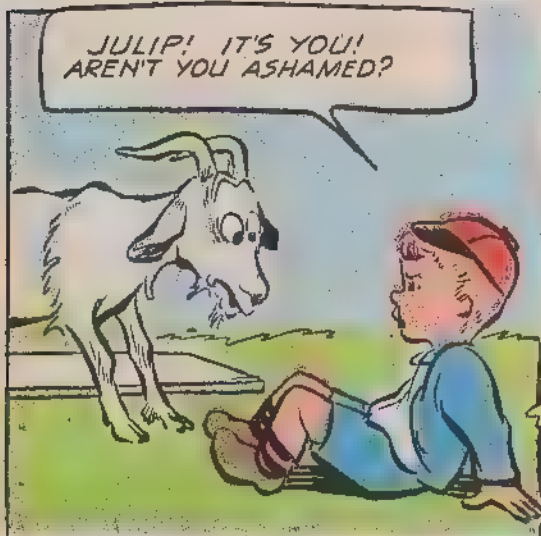
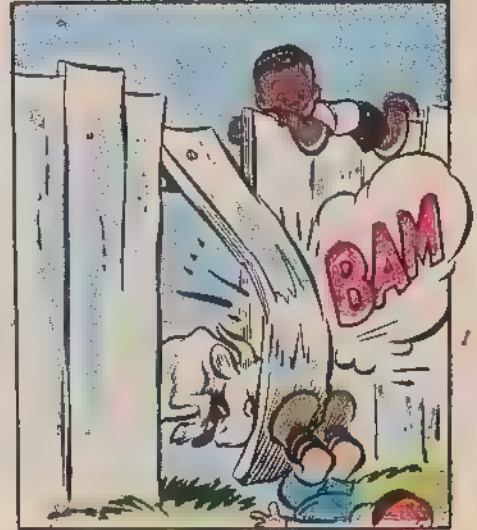
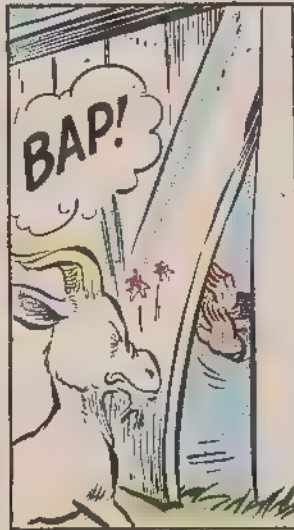
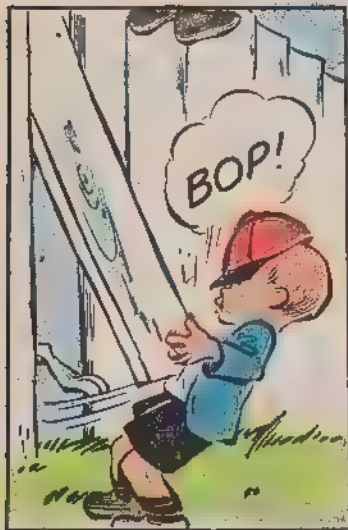
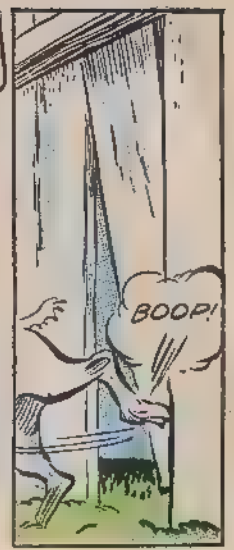
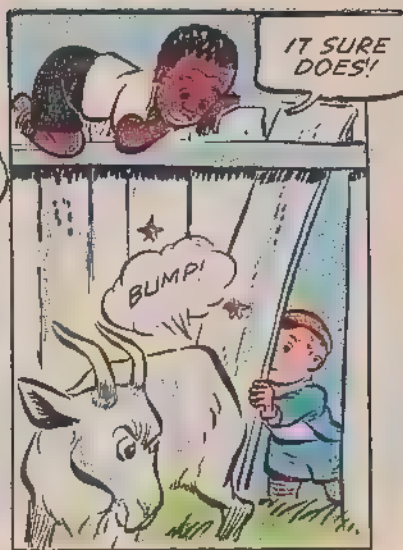
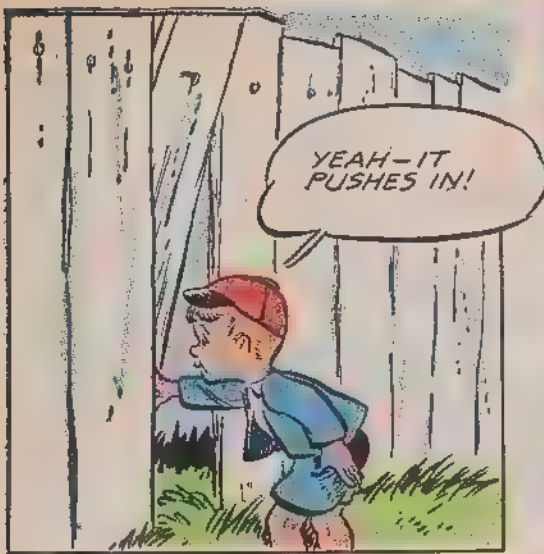
OUR GANG

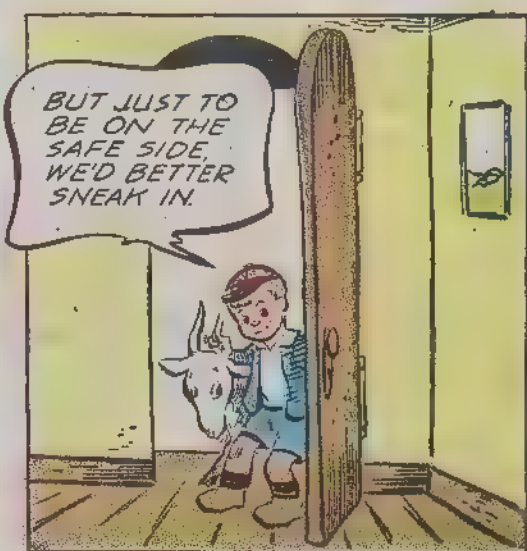
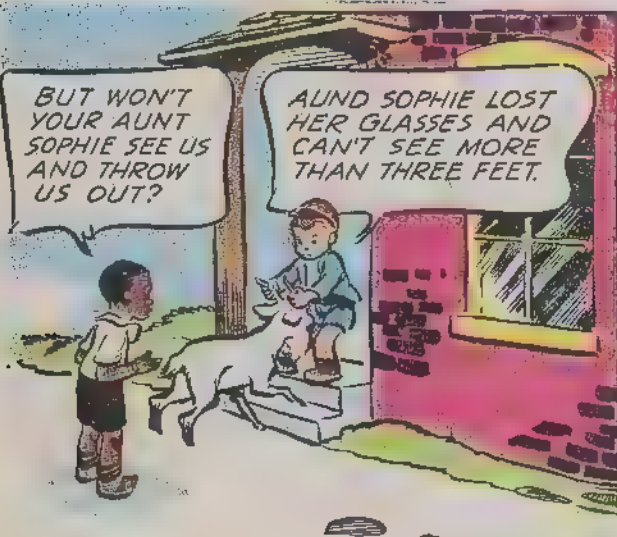
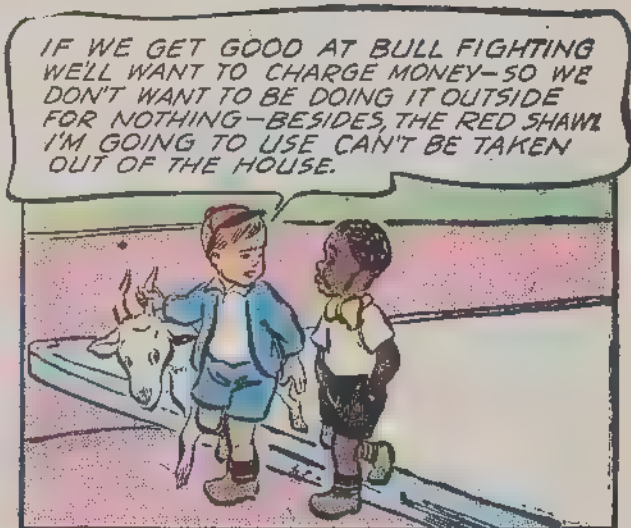
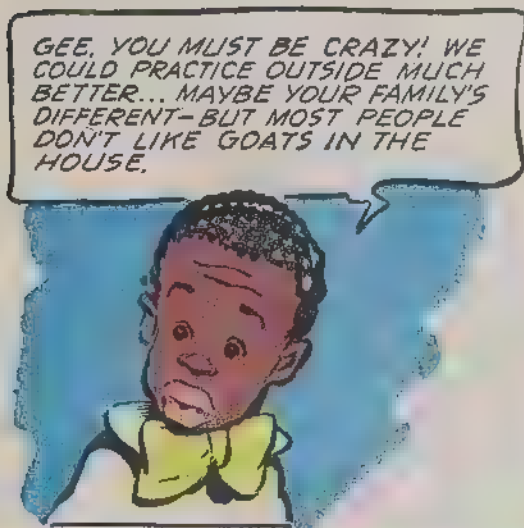
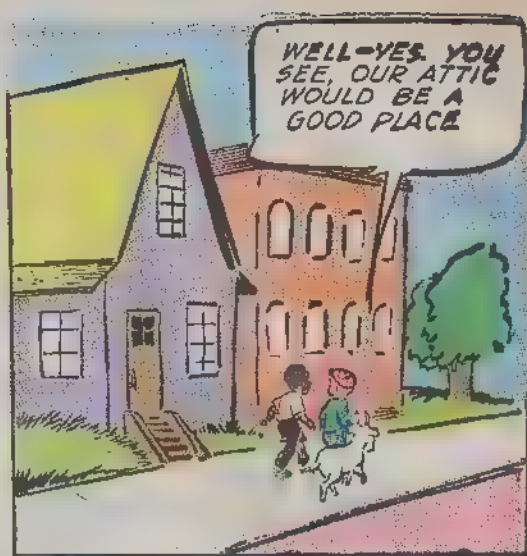
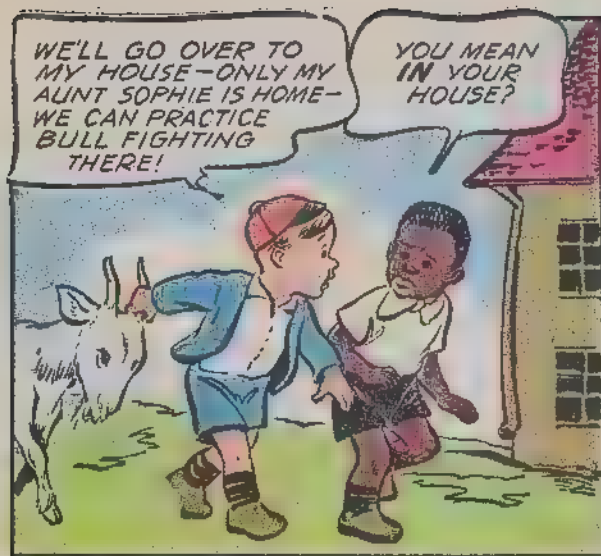


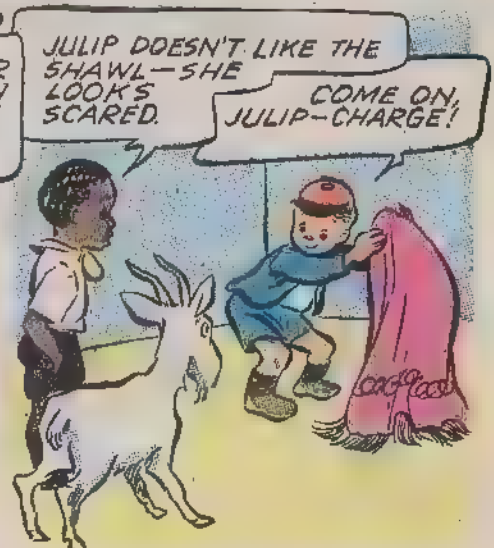
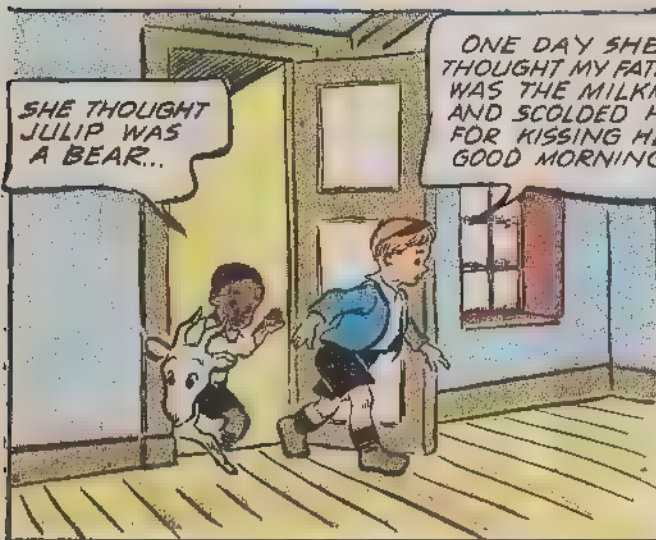
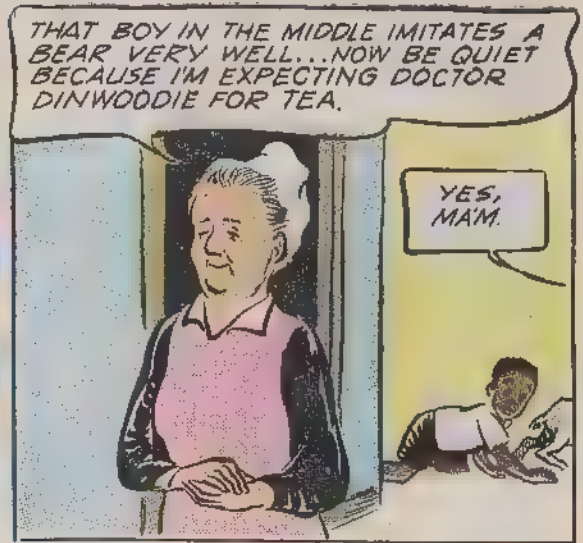
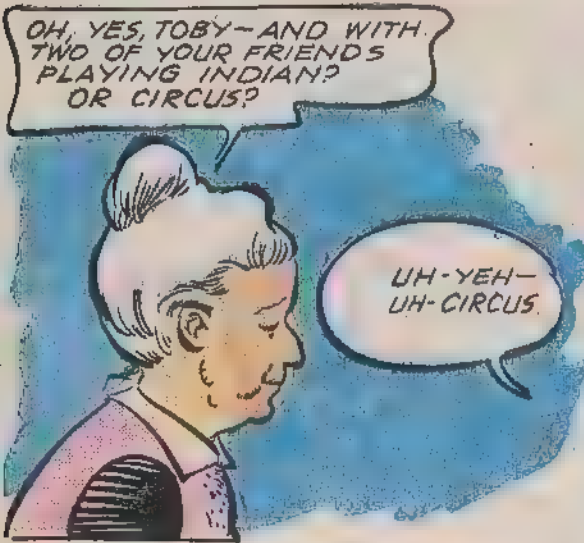
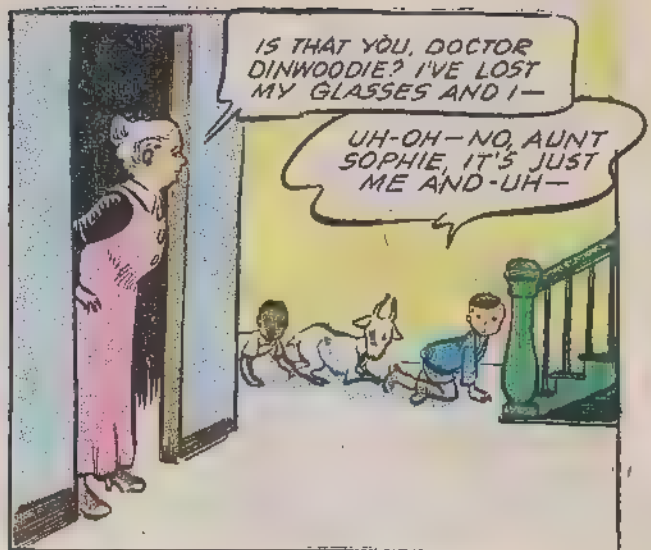
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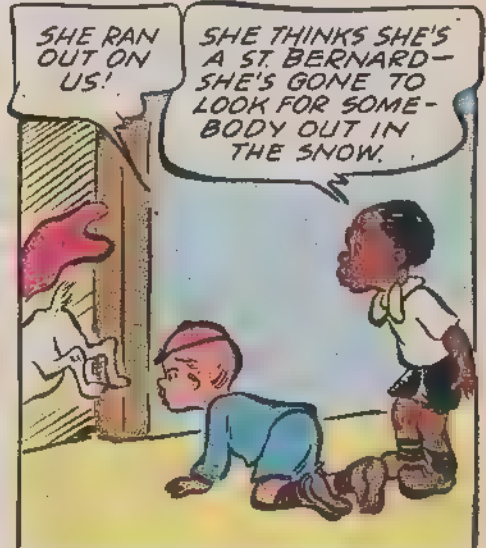
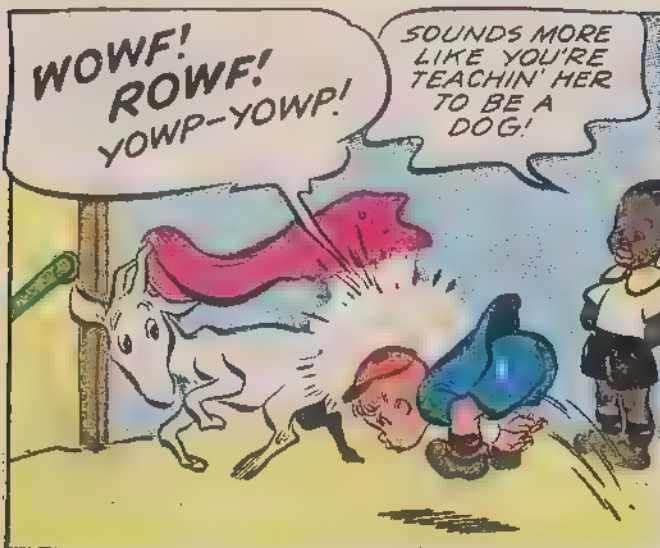
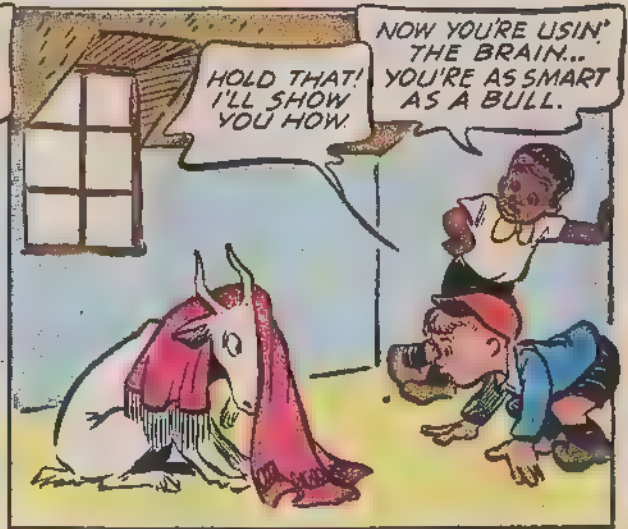
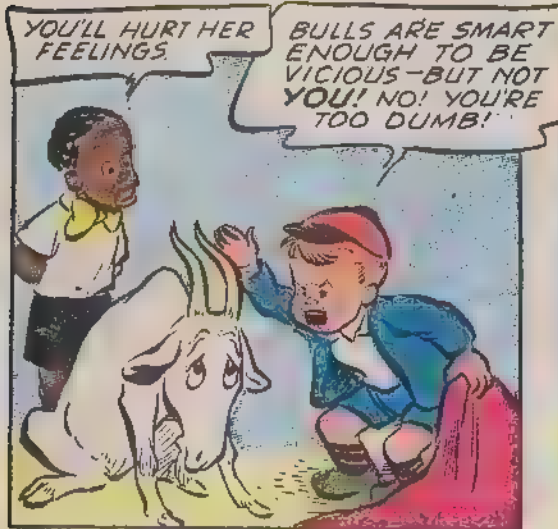
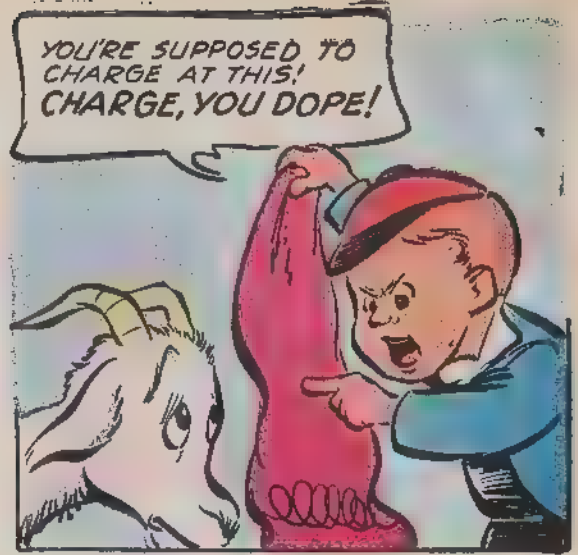
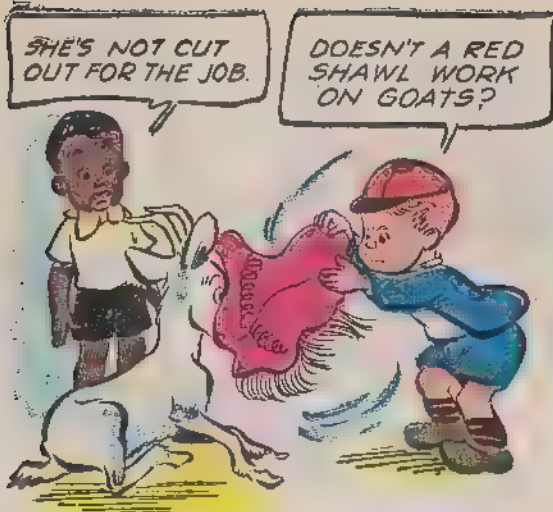


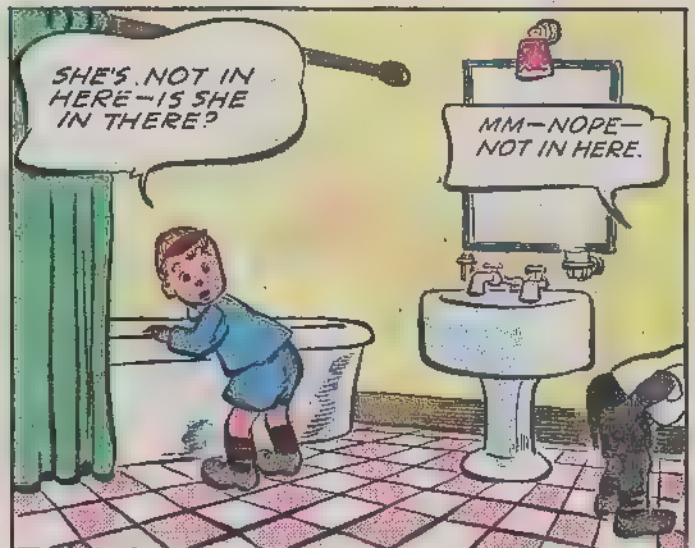
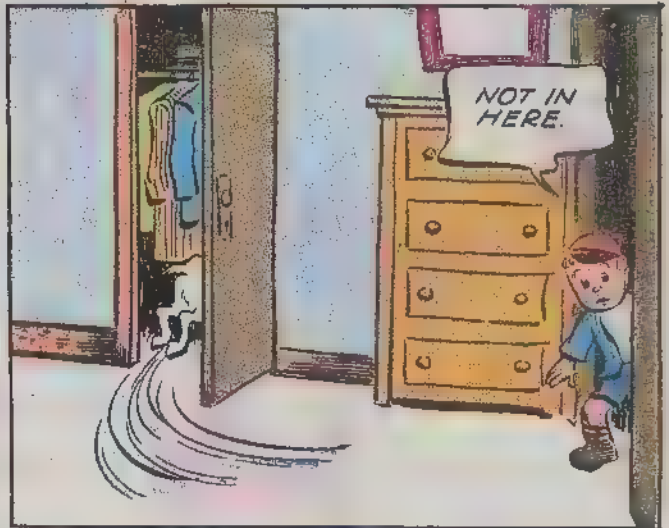
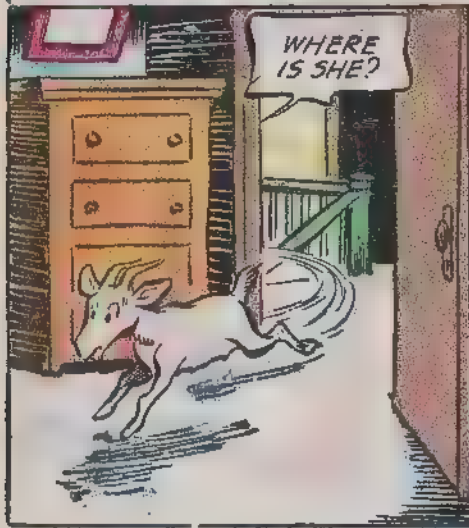
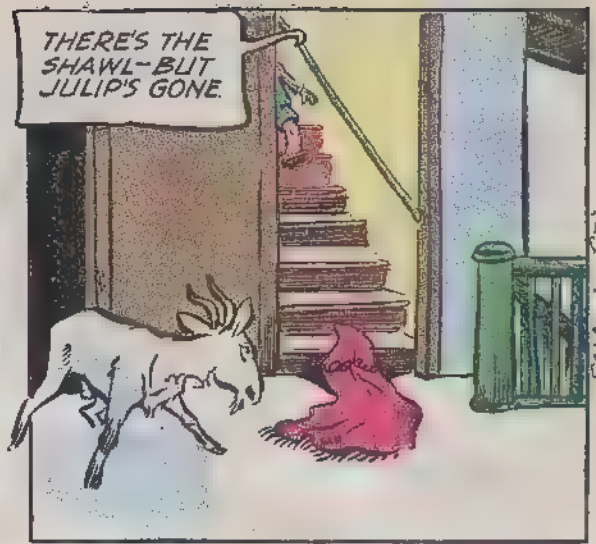
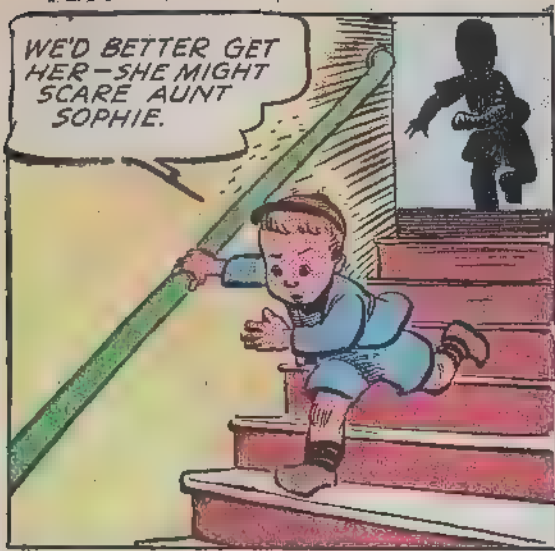


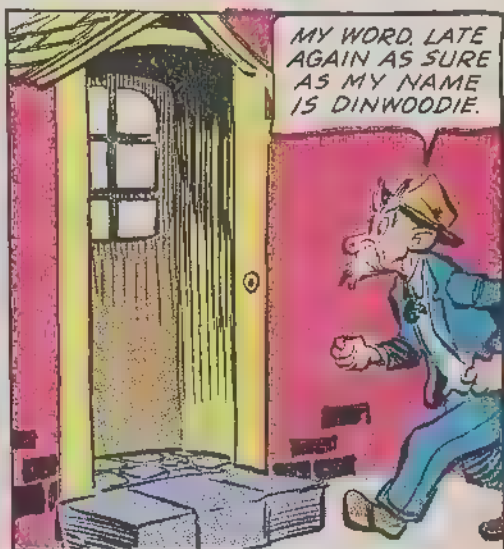
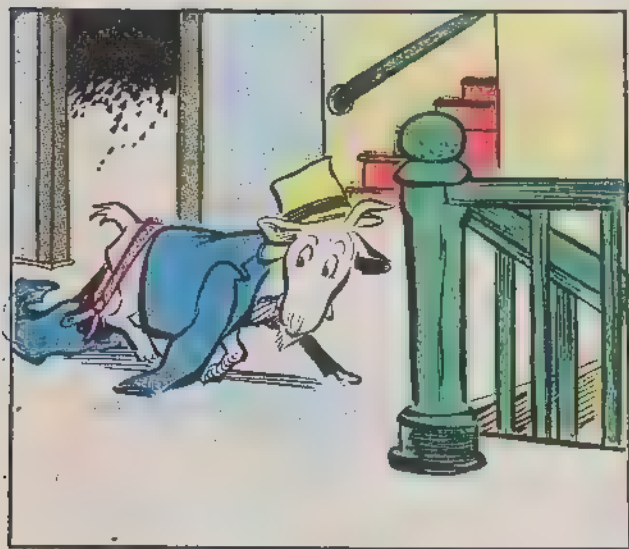
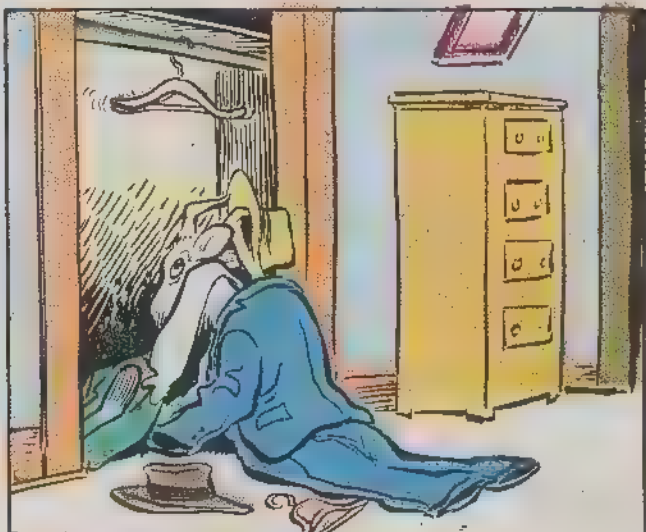
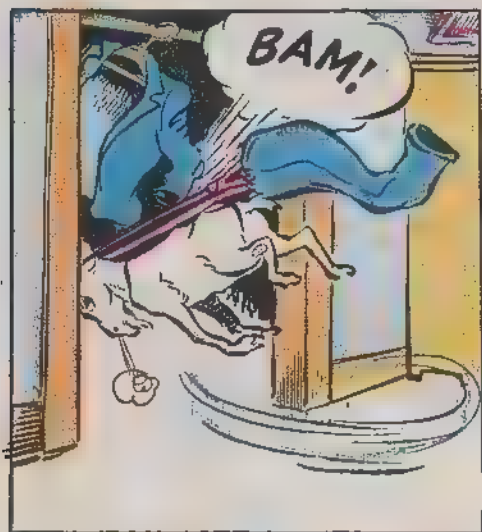
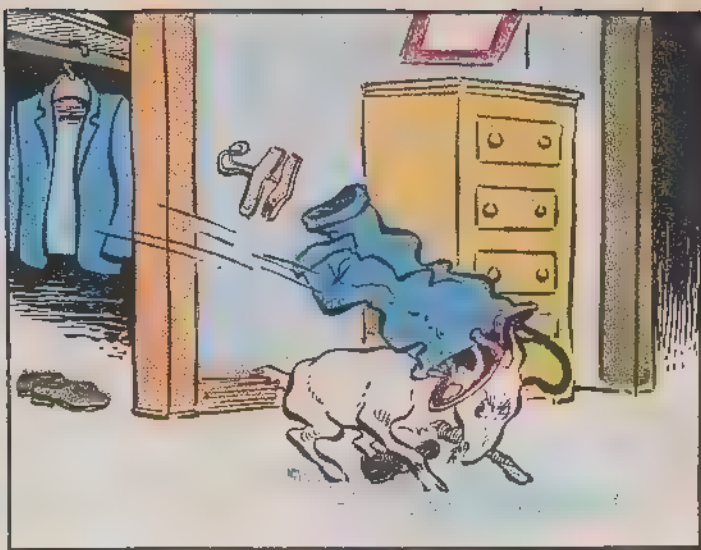
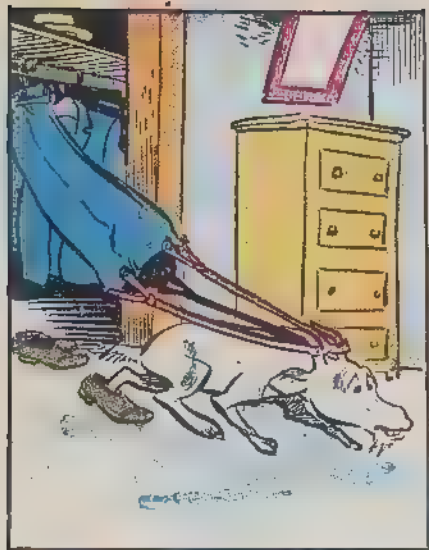


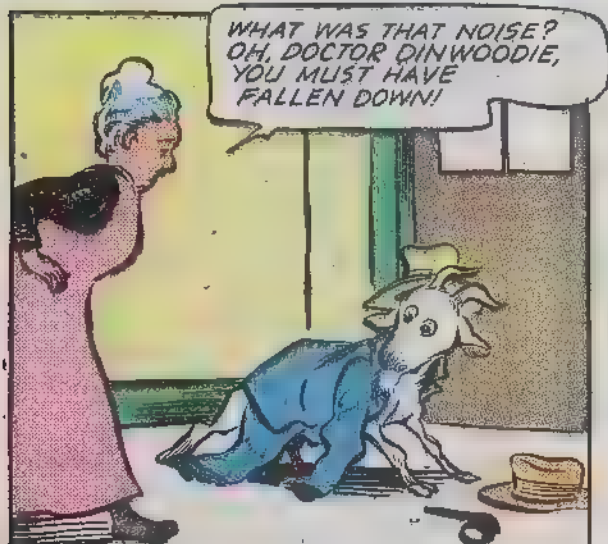
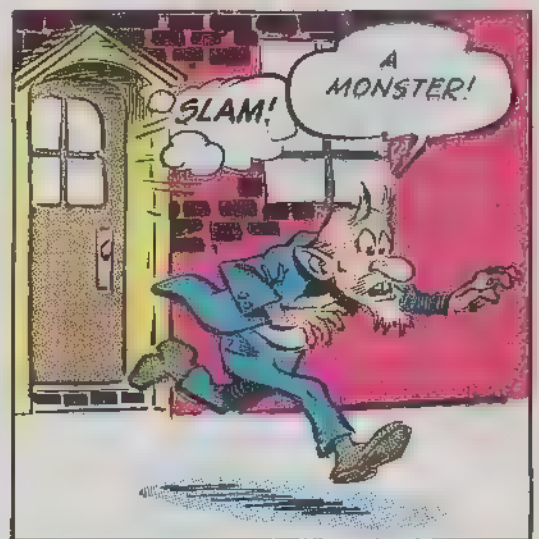
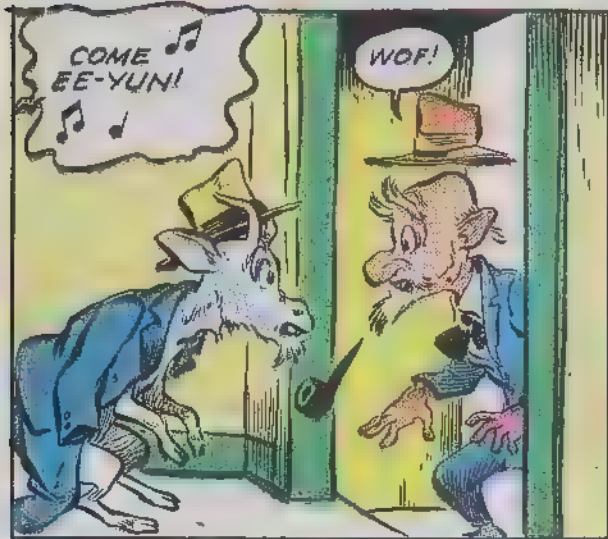
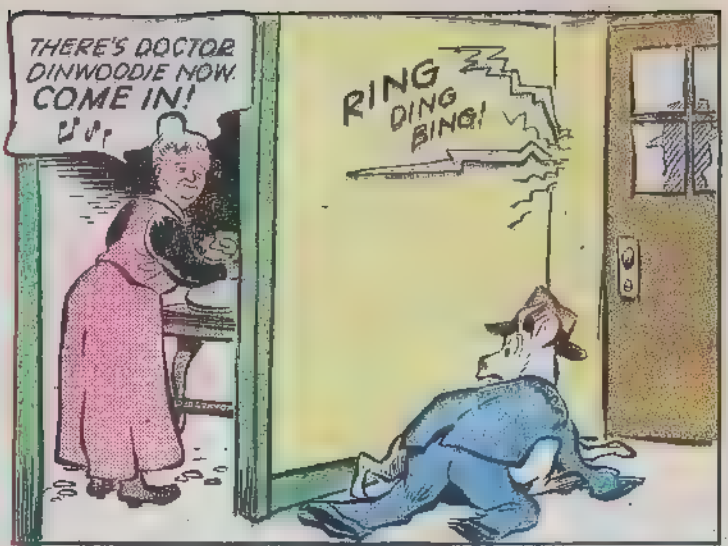


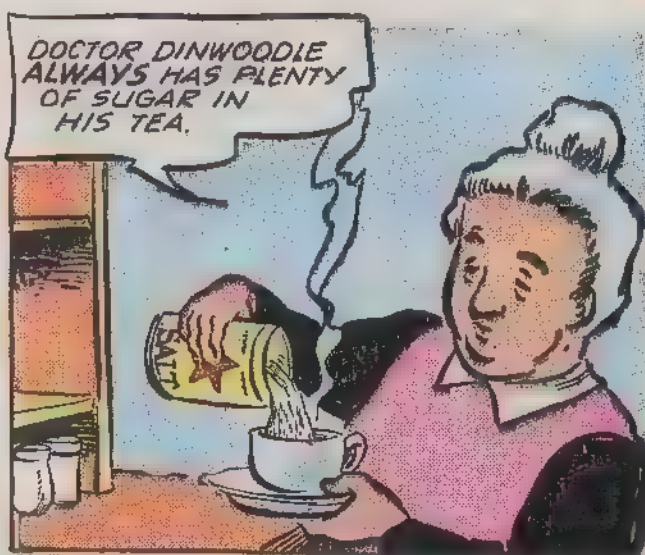
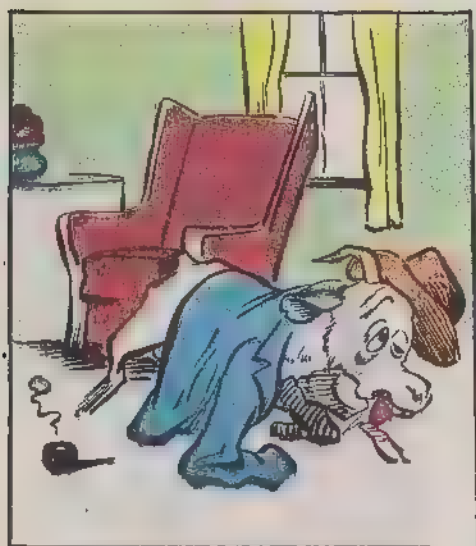
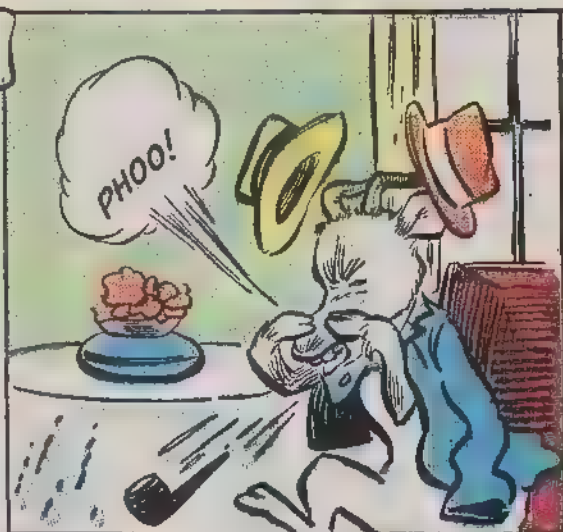
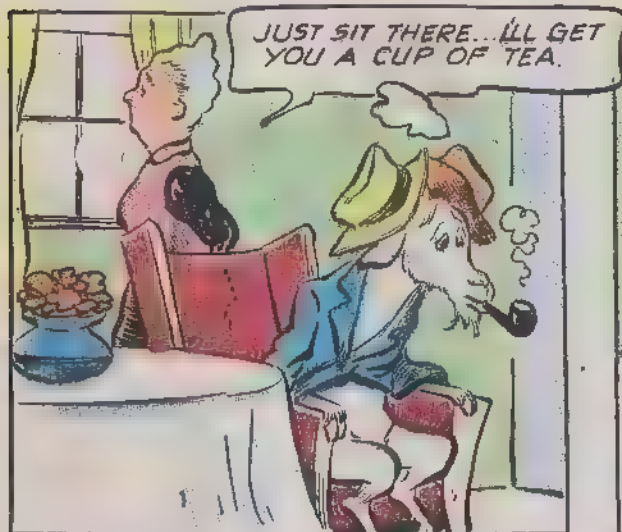
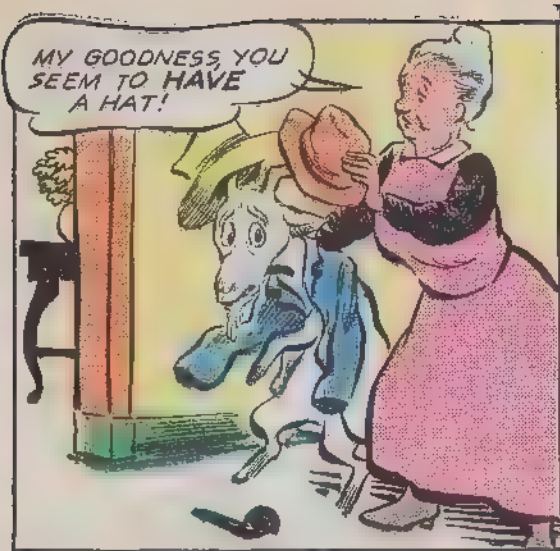


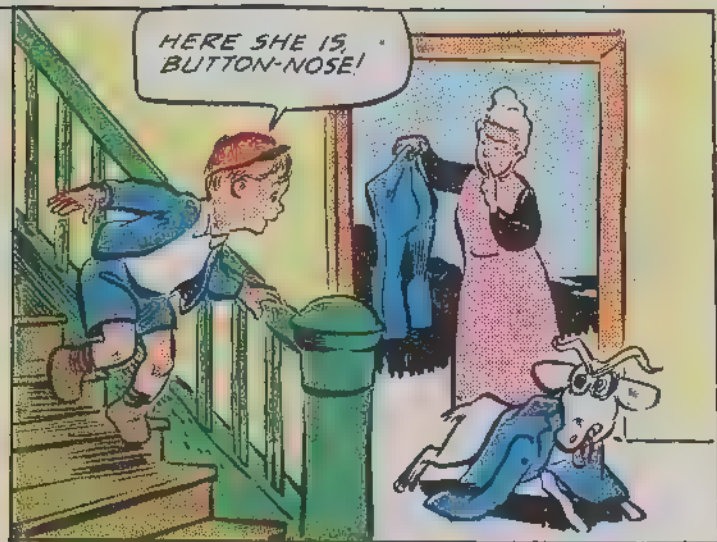
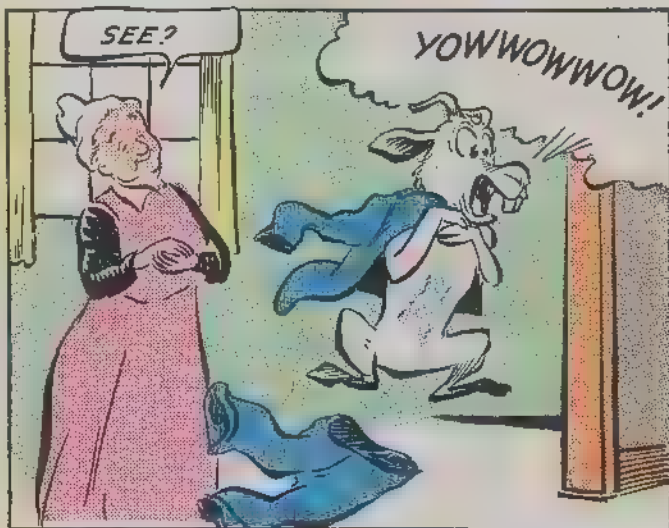
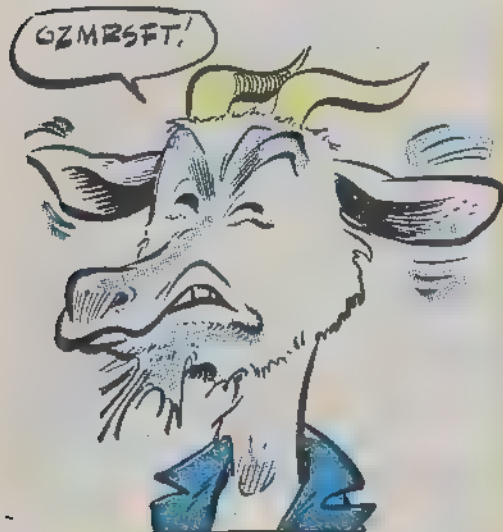
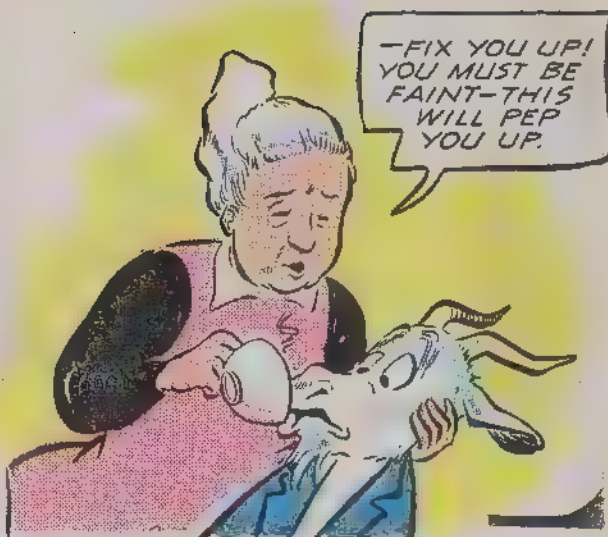
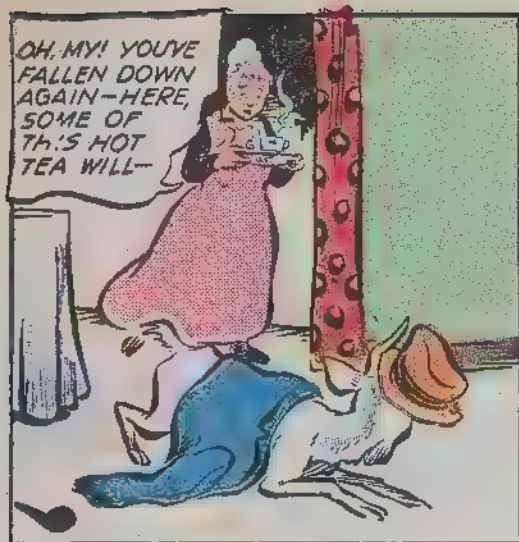


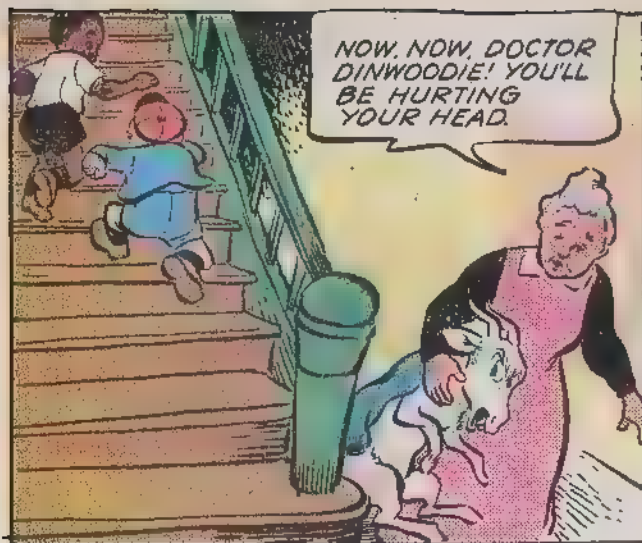




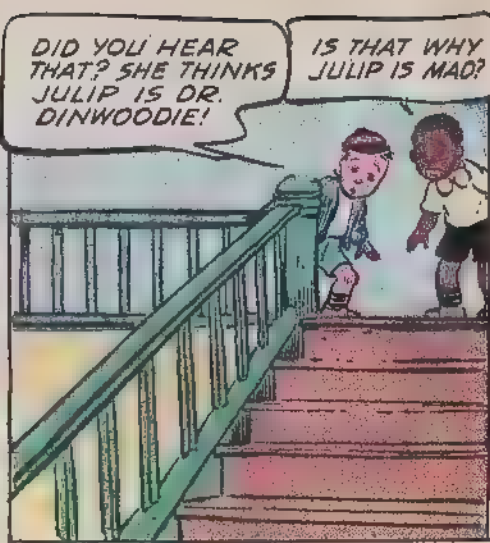








NOW, NOW, DOCTOR DINWOODIE! YOU'LL BE HURTING YOUR HEAD.



DID YOU HEAR THAT? SHE THINKS JULIP IS DR. DINWOODIE!

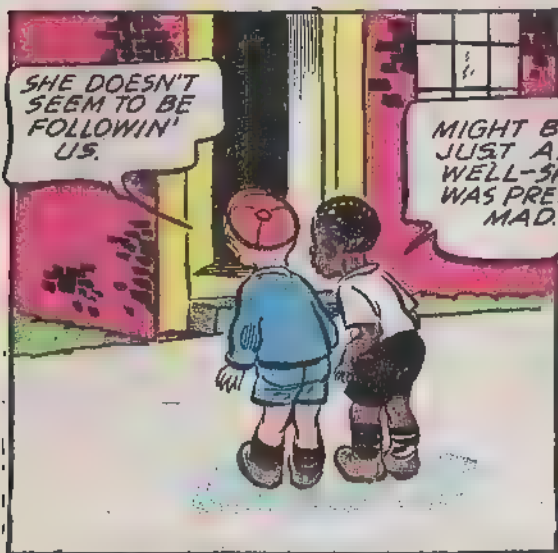
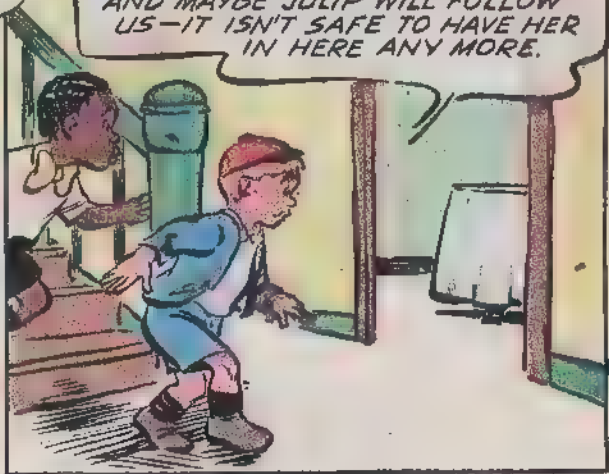
IS THAT WHY JULIP IS MAD?

SHE'D BE OUT OF SORTS IF AUNT SOPHIE'S BEEN PASSING OUT ANY OF HER SASSAFRAS TEA.

AND NOW JULIP'S GOIN' TO TAKE IT OUT ON US.



YEH—WE'D BETTER GET OUTSIDE AND MAYBE JULIP WILL FOLLOW US—IT ISN'T SAFE TO HAVE HER IN HERE ANY MORE.

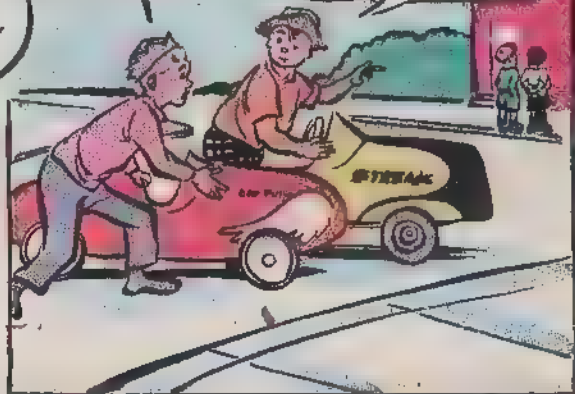


SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE FOLLOWIN' US.

MIGHT BE JUST AS WELL—SHE WAS PRETTY MAD.

WE CAN TEST OUR RACERS ON DOBB'S HILL HERE, EGGY.

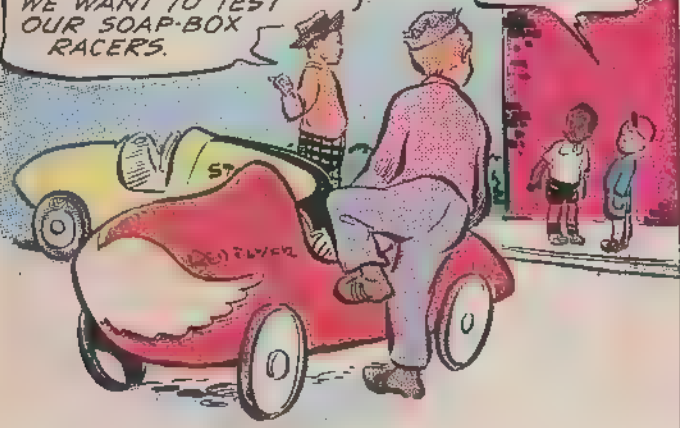
LOOK, THERE'S TWO INTELLIGENT YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO MIGHT GIVE US A START.



HEY, TWO-BY-TWO—MAYBE YOU AND BUTTON-NOSE WOULD GIVE RED AND ME A SHOVE. WE WANT TO TEST OUR SOAP-BOX RACERS.

WELL-UH—WE'RE WAITIN' FOR-UH—

AW, COME ON, YOU TWO. EGGY AND I WANT TO GIVE OUR BUGGIES A FAIR TEST...WE'LL NEED SHOVES AT THE TOP OF DOBB'S HILL.



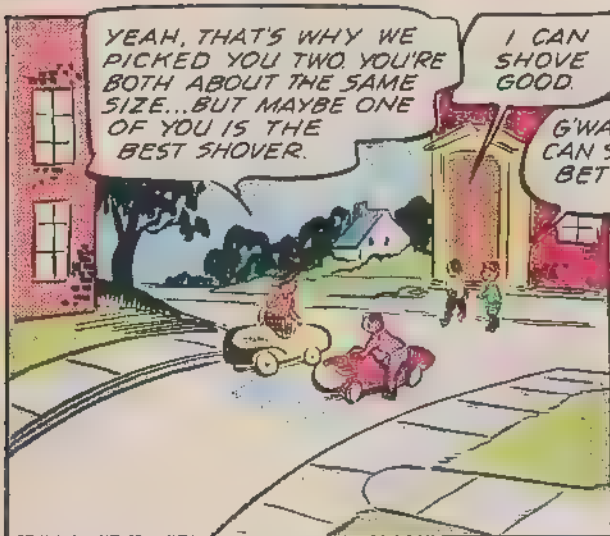
YEAH, THAT'S WHY WE PICKED YOU TWO. YOU'RE BOTH ABOUT THE SAME SIZE...BUT MAYBE ONE OF YOU IS THE BEST SHOVER.

I CAN SHOVE GOOD.

G'WAN! I CAN SHOVE BETTER.

I THINK TWO-BY-TWO IS THE BEST.

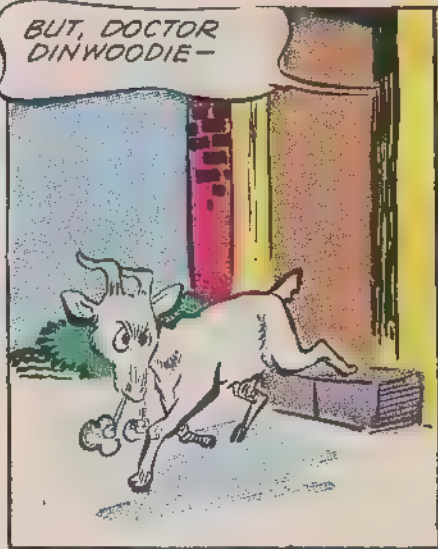
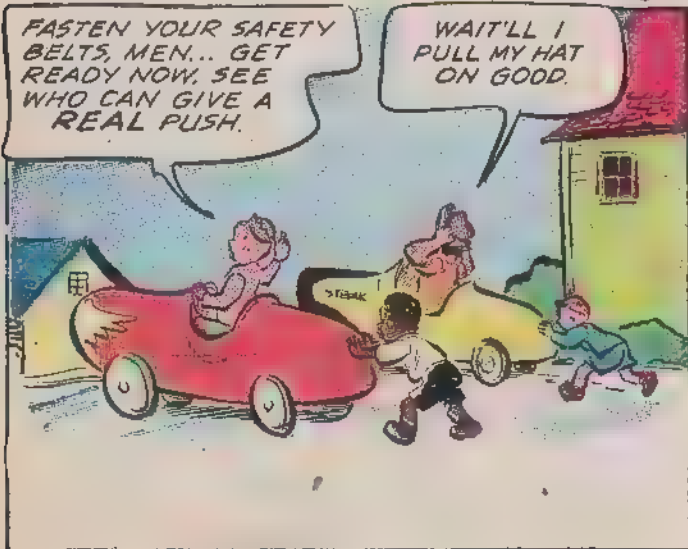
YOU'RE CRAZY! BUTTON-NOSE IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST.

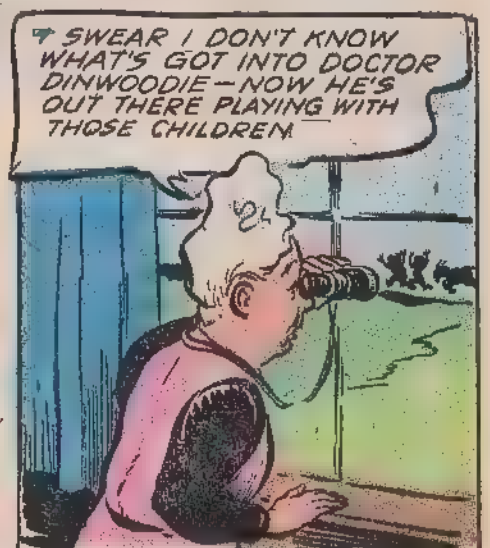
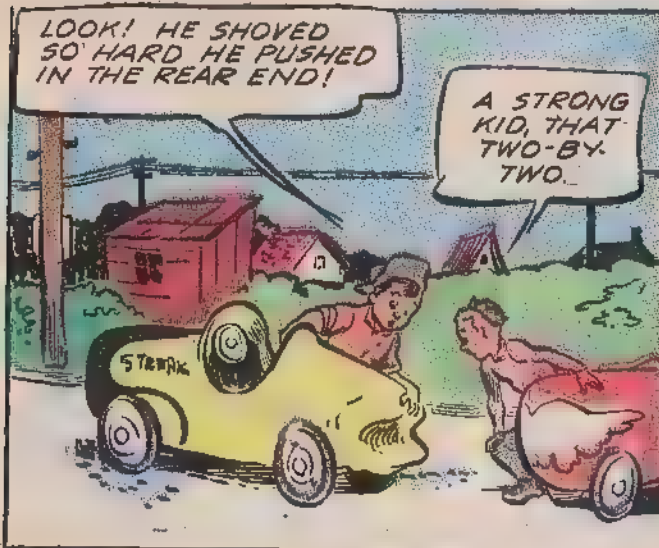
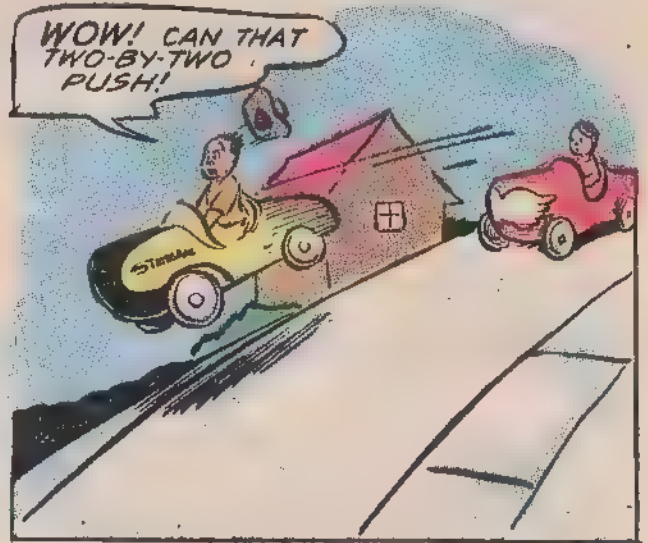
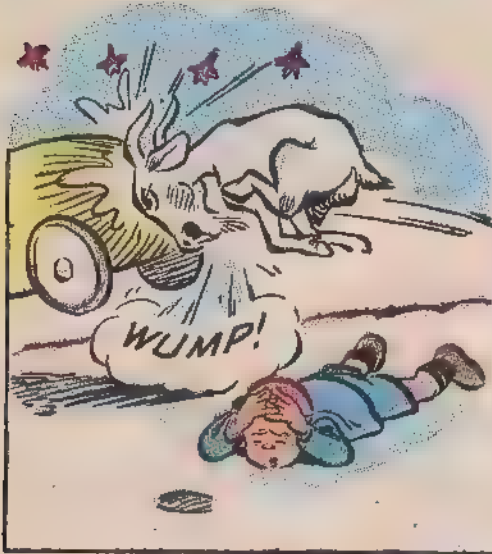
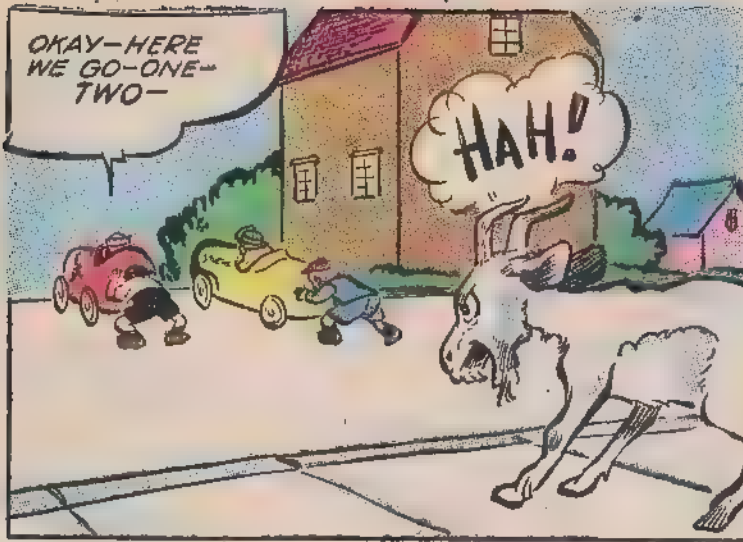


FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS, MEN... GET READY NOW, SEE WHO CAN GIVE A REAL PUSH.

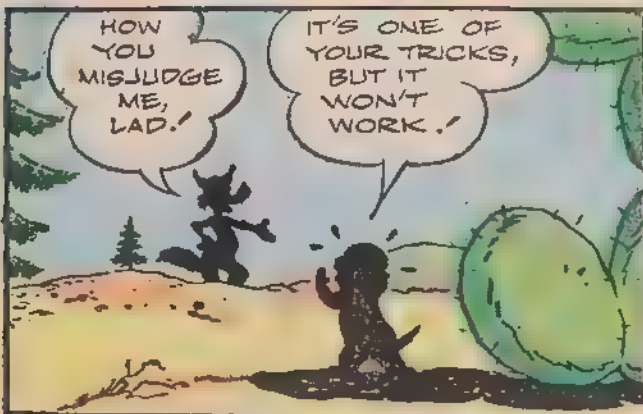
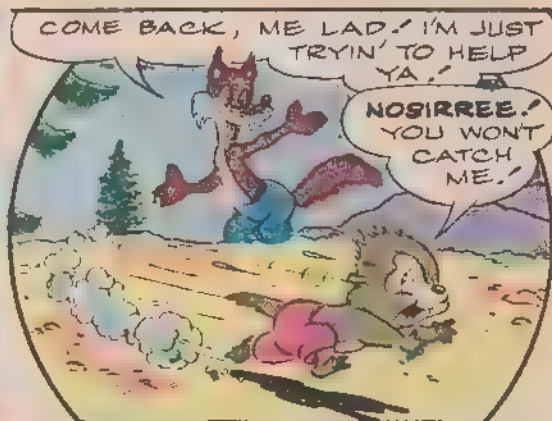
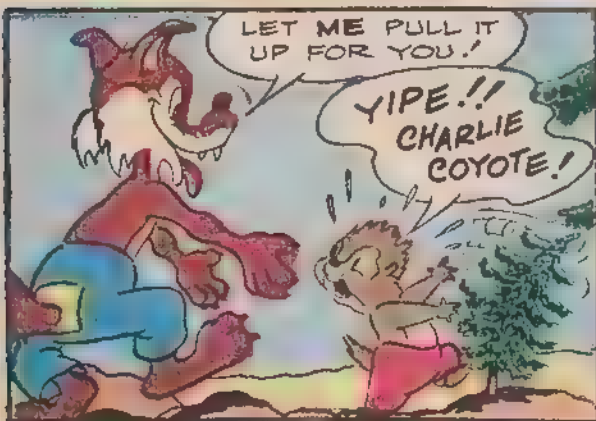
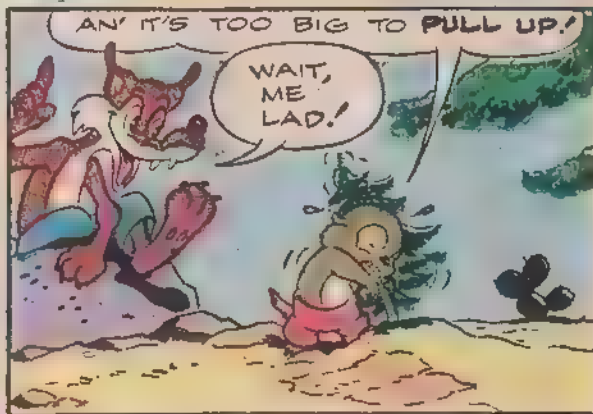
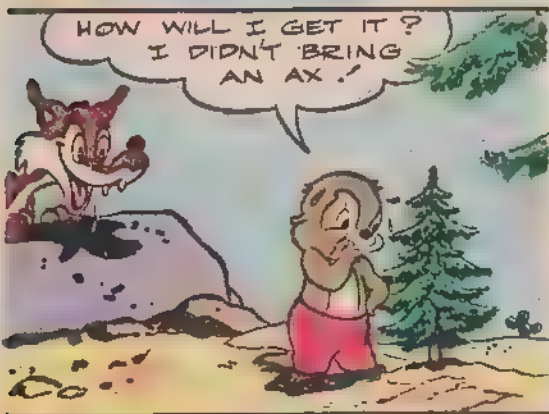
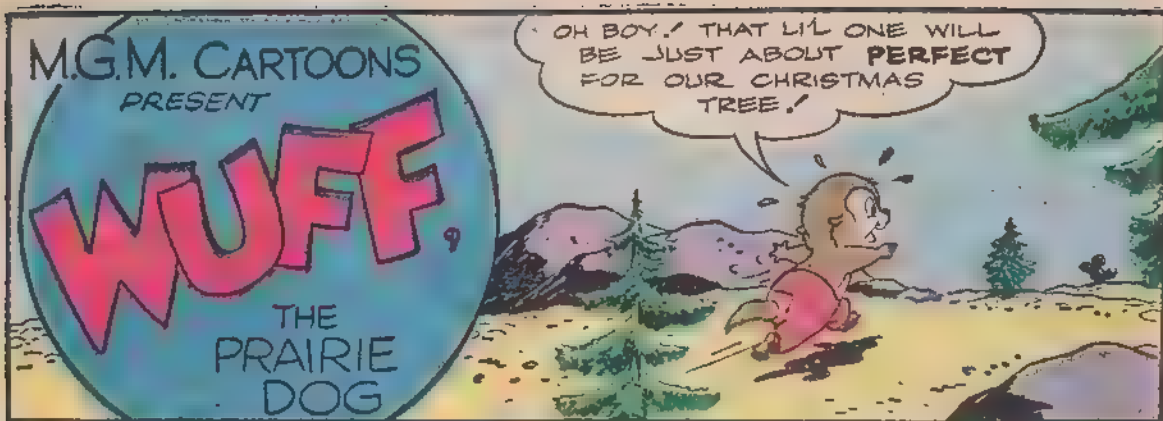
WAIT'LL I PULL MY HAT ON GOOD.

BUT, DOCTOR DINWOODIE—

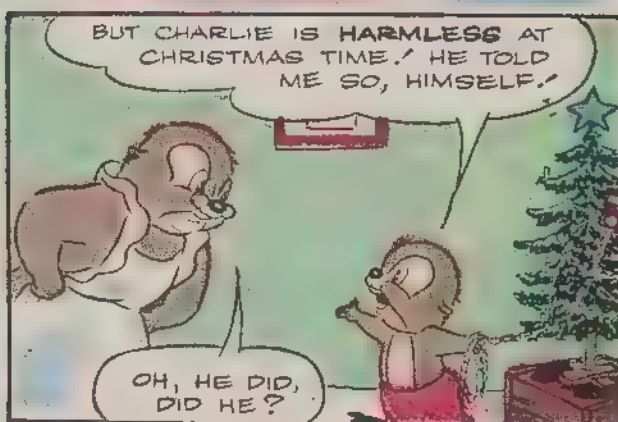
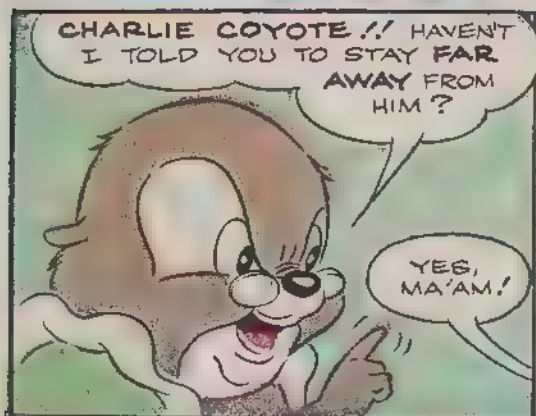
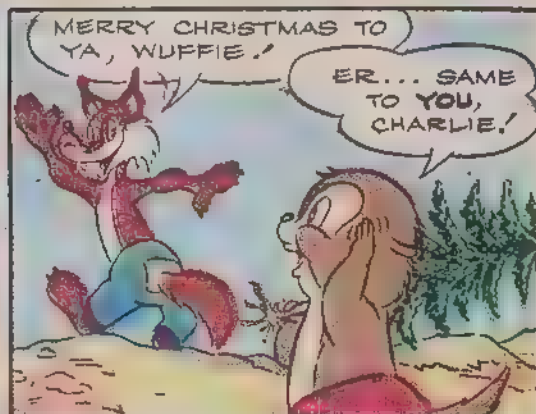
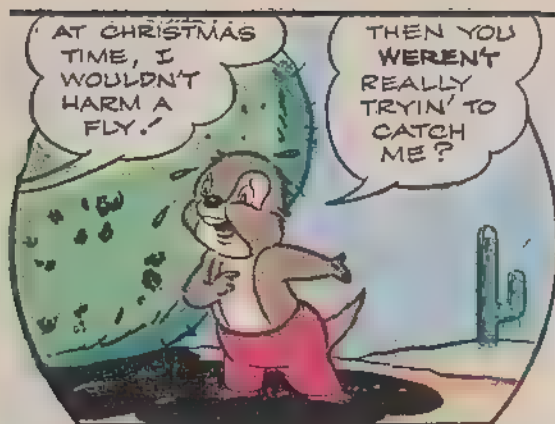


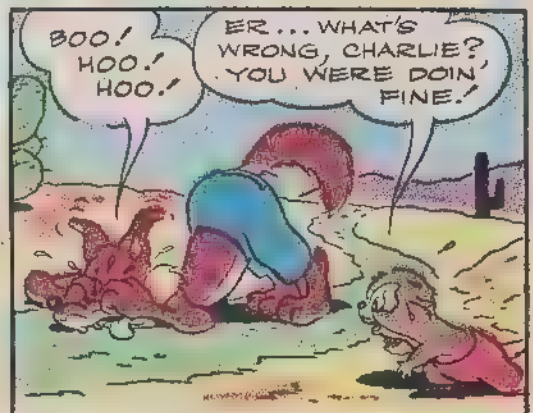
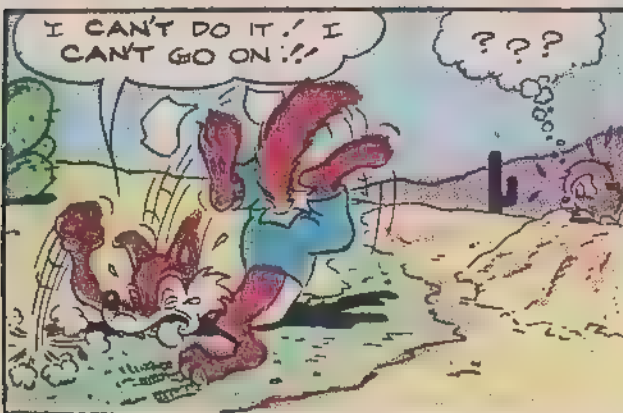
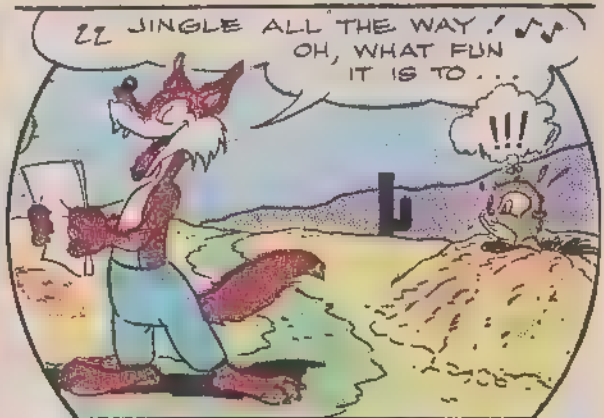
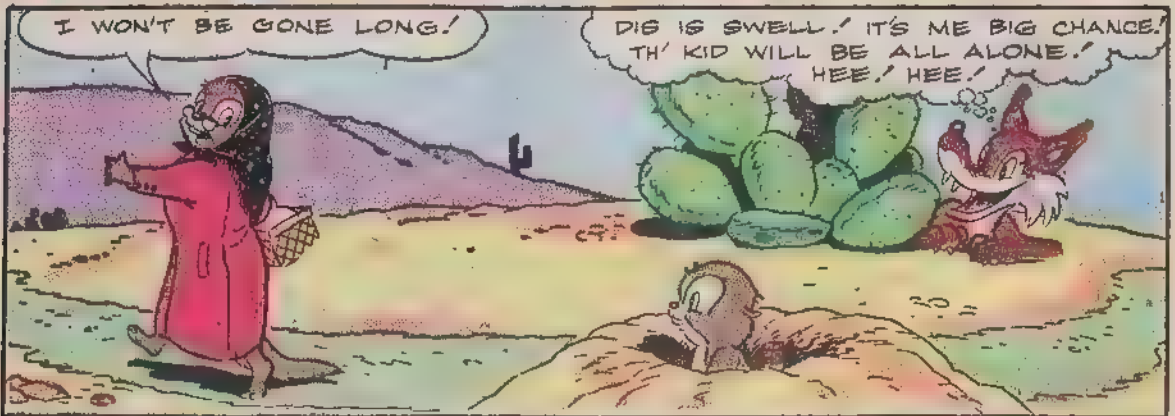


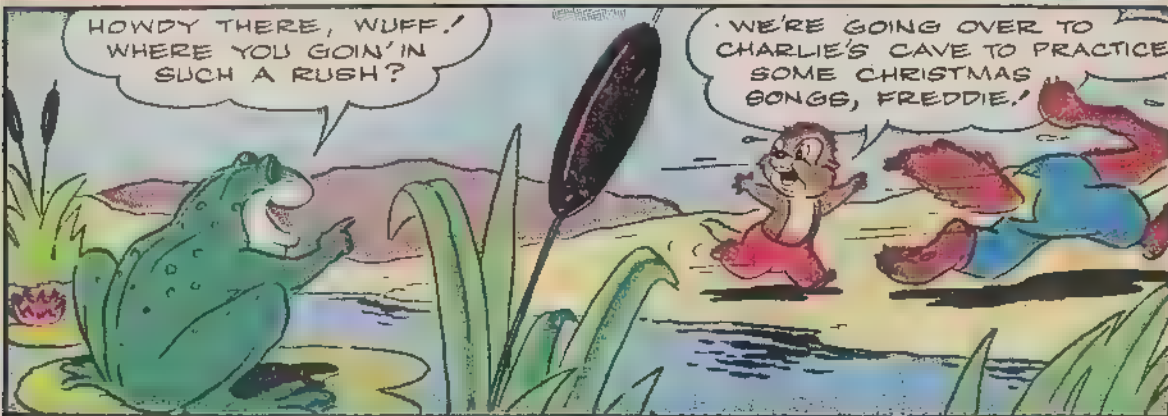
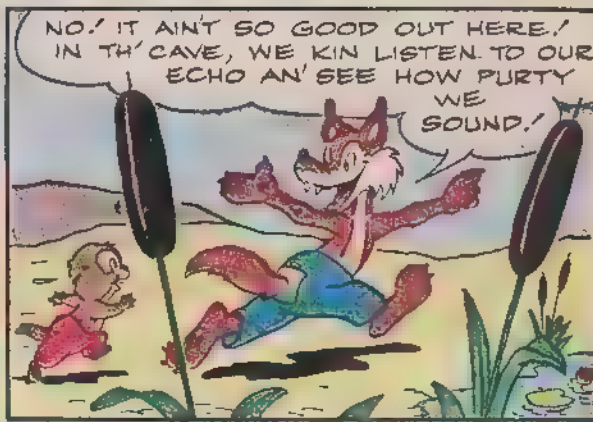
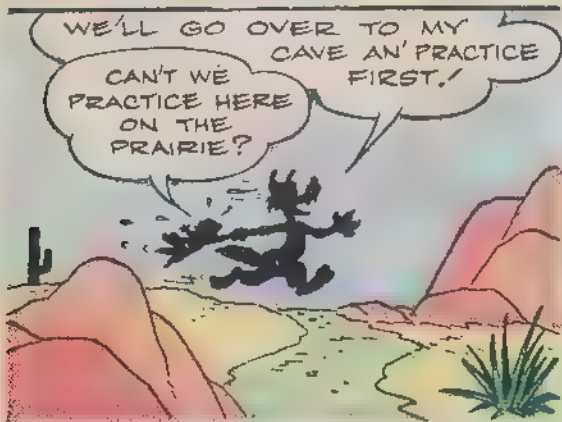
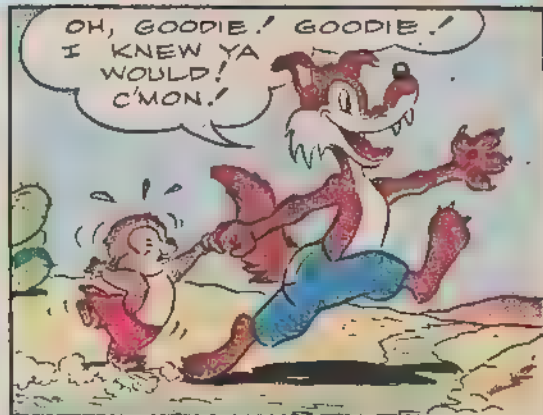
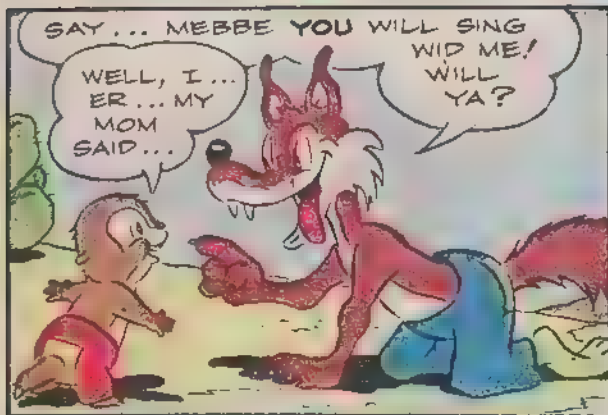
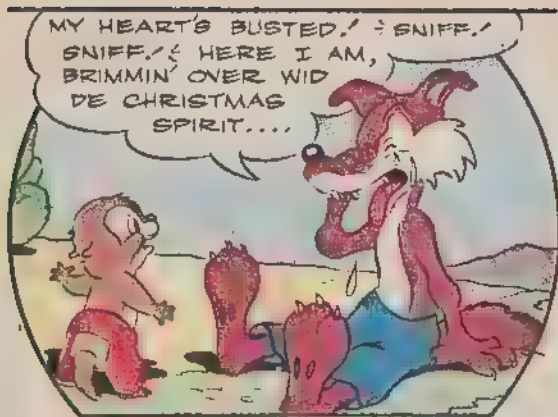
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

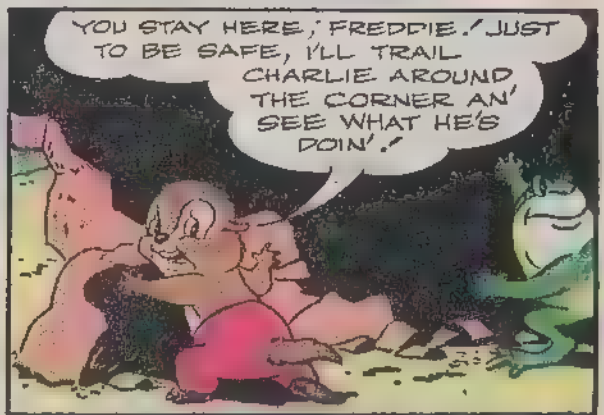
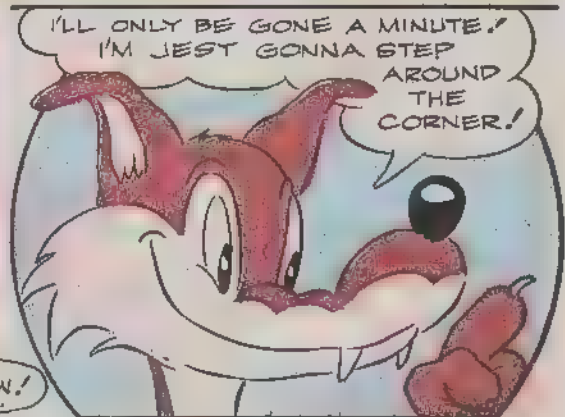
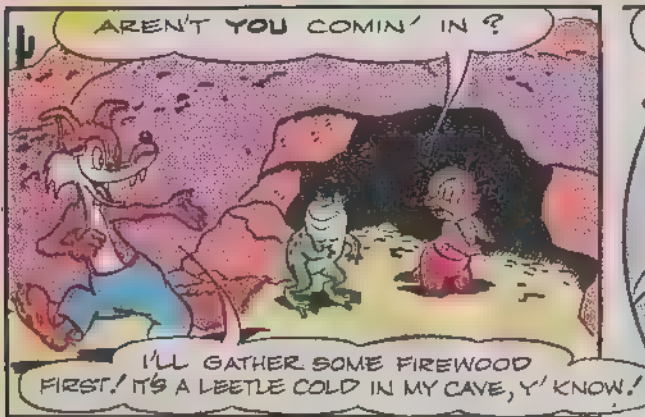
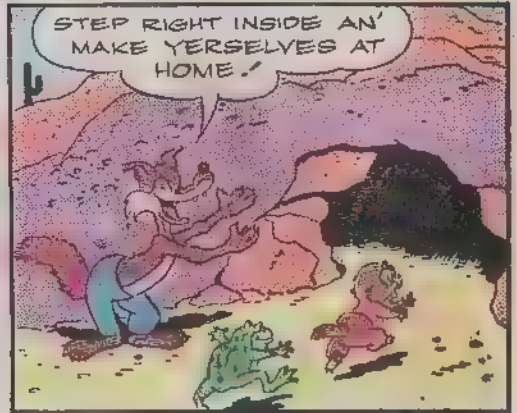
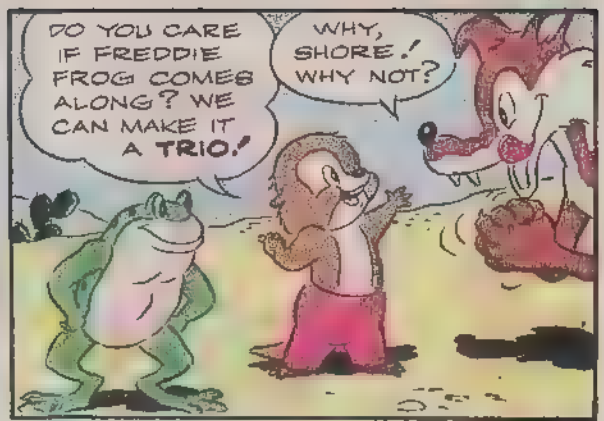
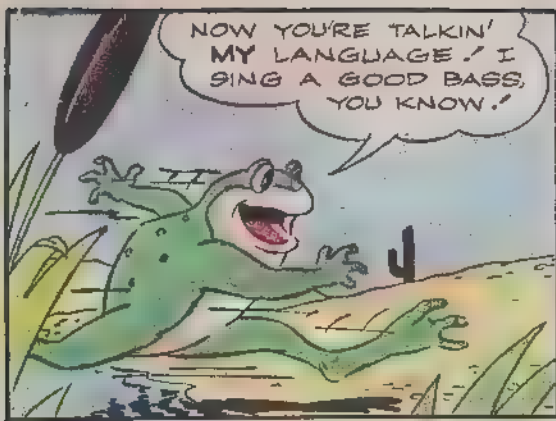


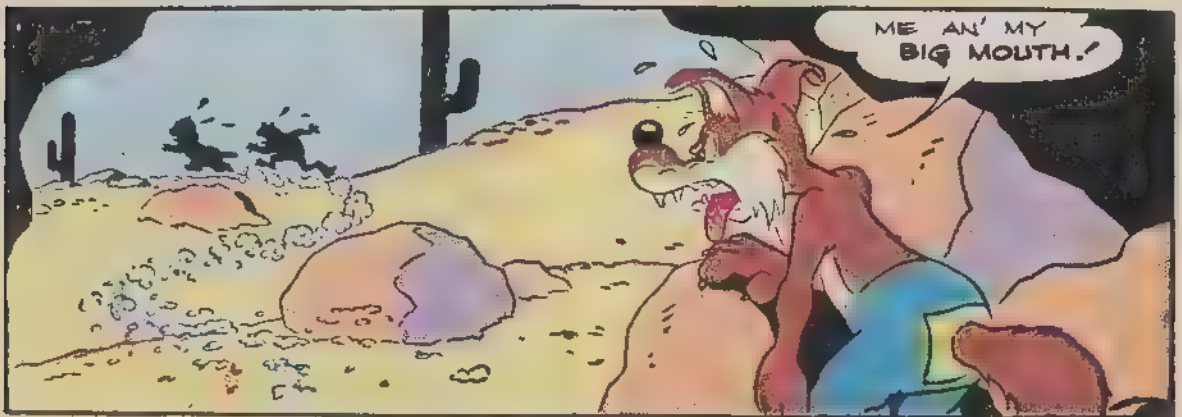
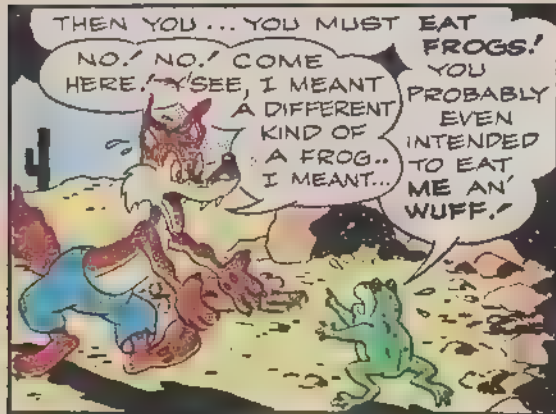
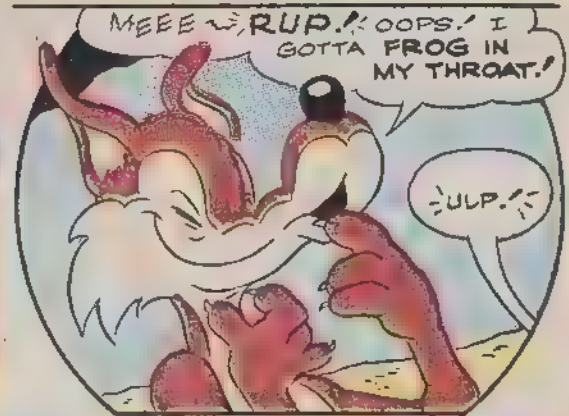
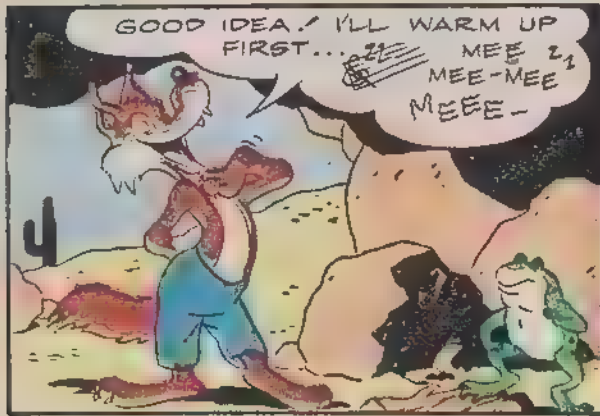
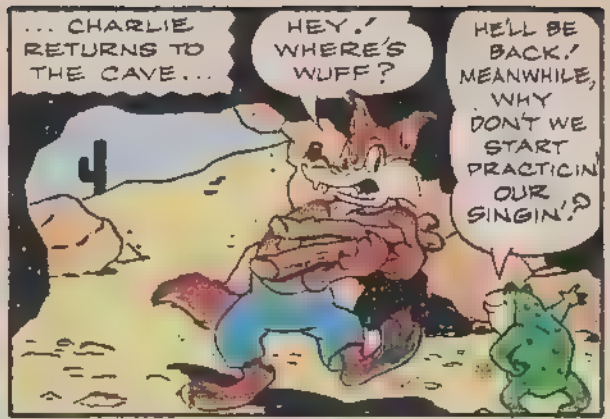
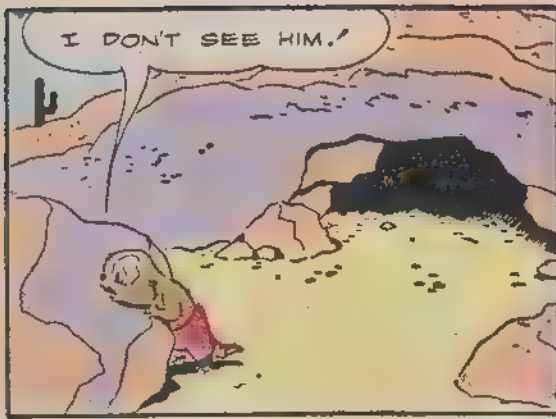
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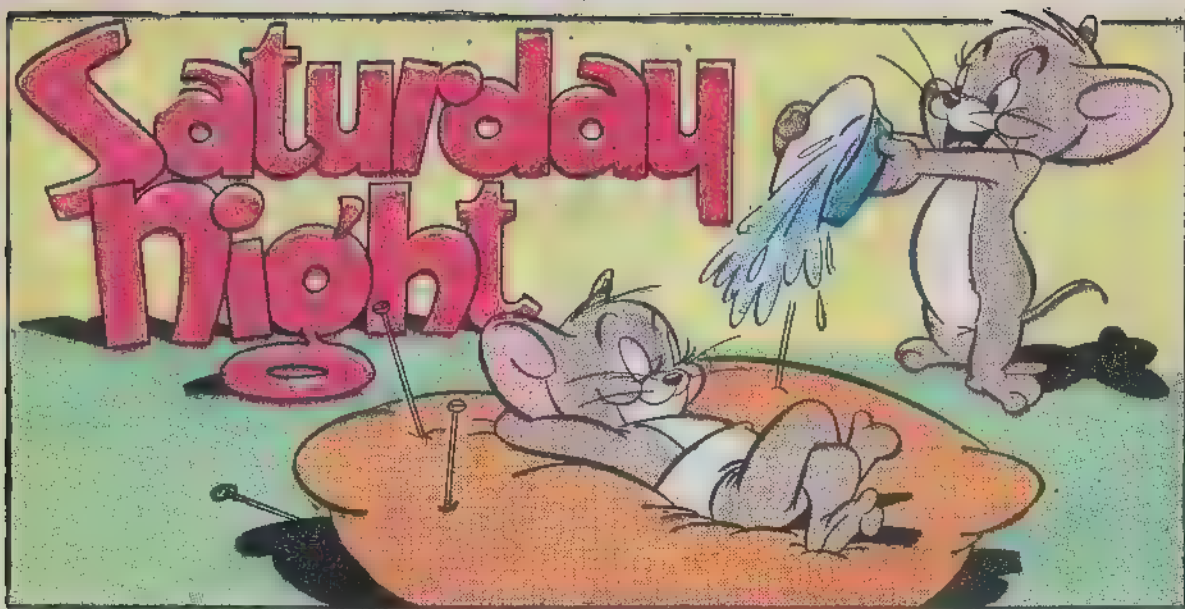












"Well, let's go, Tuffy," said Jerry. "Let's get it over with."

There was no answer at all from Tuffy, who was lying, as usual, on the little pincushion bed. He just rolled over and buried his face in the bed and went on snoring.

Suddenly Jerry shouted again, "Hey, Tuffy! Wake up!"

There was no doubt that Tuffy heard this time. The snoring stopped abruptly and after a moment, a muffled, "Sheddup," was heard. Another moment passed and the snoring started again.

"Well," said Jerry, as he started toward the little mousehole door. "I guess a dash of cold water in the face is the only thing that will wake him up."

This, as Jerry had planned, had an immediate effect on the sleeping mouse. The snoring stopped with a loud snort. There was a moment of silence and Tuffy sat up.

"Was somebody calling me?" he squeaked innocently.

Jerry walked over to Tuffy and looked him steadily in the eye.

"Look, pal," he said. "Do you think you can take some bad news?"

"Well, I'm lying down," answered Tuffy. "If I faint, I guess there's no danger of getting hurt."

"Brace yourself then, pal. Here it comes," began Jerry. Then he paused.

"Fer gosh sakes, what is it?" screamed Tuffy. "Don't keep me in suspense! Is the house on fire? Are we—"

"No, no, pal. It's worse than that! This is SATURDAY NIGHT!" said Jerry. He seemed to be making an effort to remain calm.

"SATURDAY NIGHT? What about Saturday night?" screamed Tuffy.

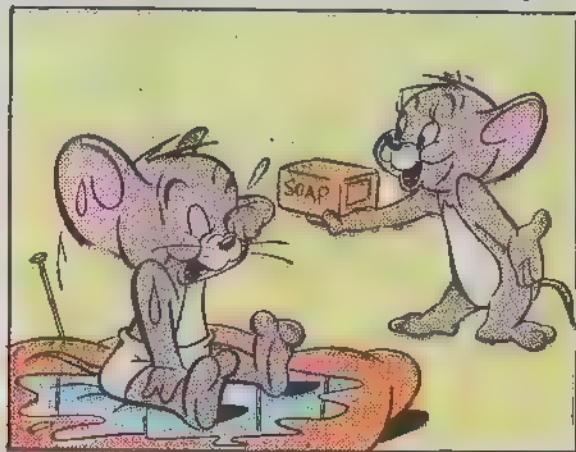
"This is BATH night!" said Jerry evenly.

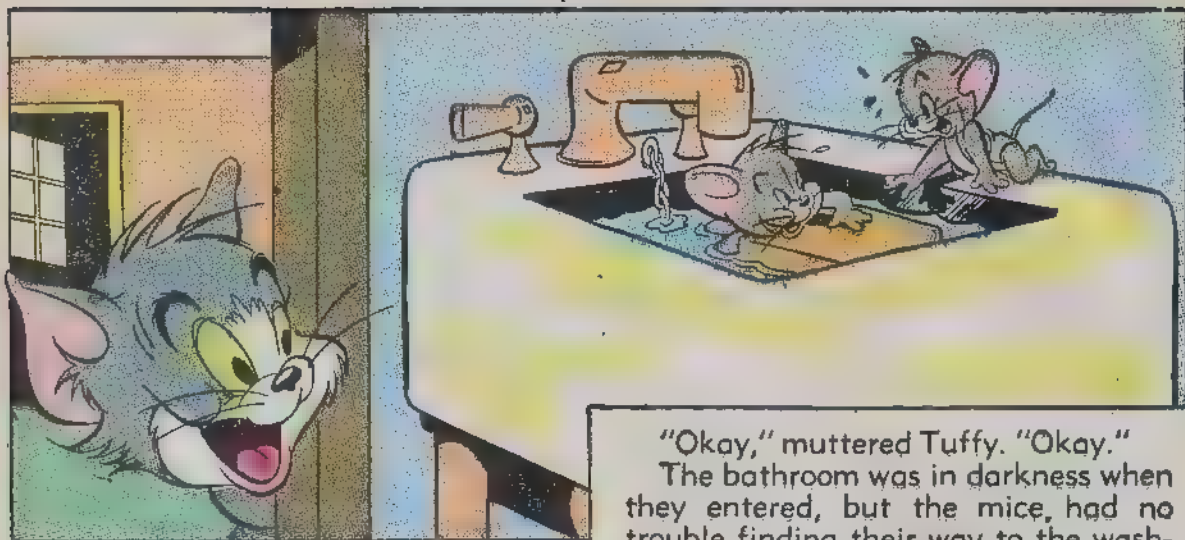
Tuffy fell back on the pincushion with a loud groan.

"Bath night," he repeated. "No! No! Not that!"

"Yes, yes," insisted Jerry. "You got out of taking a bath last Saturday night, but you're going to take one to-night. Soap and everything."

"Oh, Jerry," whined Tuffy. "When did you begin to hate me? Why do you





persecute me this way?"

"Listen, pal," said Jerry, "don't forget I've got to take a bath, too, I'm in the same boat as you."

"Trouble is we won't be in a boat," groaned Tuffy. "We'll be in the water. Water and soap—ugh!"

"C'mon, look how dirty you are," argued Jerry. "Another few days and you'll begin to look like a lump of coal with a tail."

"Well, if you feel that way, why don't you go wash the coal," said Tuffy triumphantly. "There's plenty of it down the cellar."

"Never mind that," said Jerry. "Get off that pincushion and follow me."

Tuffy slid off the pincushion and dejectedly followed Jerry, out of their little mousehole apartment.

Like everyone else, the little mice were in the habit of taking their baths on Saturday night. But of course they had to wait till late at night after everyone in the house had finished and the bathroom was empty. Now the only danger was in being seen or heard by Tom, the old house cat. But the unhappy little mice weren't thinking about Tom or anything else except the hateful bath that lay before them.

"Listen, Jerry," begged Tuffy in a last-minute effort to escape, "I feel fine when I'm—er—dirty. I feel natural-like."

"It's no use," said Jerry grimly. "You and I are going to take a bath."

"Okay," muttered Tuffy. "Okay."

The bathroom was in darkness when they entered, but the mice, had no trouble finding their way to the washbowl. Though Tuffy always was the more athletic of the two, and never had any difficulty climbing almost impossible places, he seemed to be having some difficulty now.

"What's the matter," called Jerry, who was halfway up the leg that supported the washbowl.

"I don't seem to be able to climb," answered Tuffy. "I guess I can't take that bath after all."

"Hey! Look out!" screamed Jerry. "There's Tom right behind you!"

Without even using his hands, Tuffy ran up the leg, whizzed by Jerry, and landed on the top of the washbowl.

He peered over the edge and halled, "Where is he?" Then he realized that he had been tricked. Tom was nowhere in sight.

"That was a dirty trick!" screamed Tuffy. "I'll never trust you again."

"Better a dirty trick than a dirty mouse," said Jerry sagely.

Jerry walked around to where the plug to the drain was lying and carefully lowered it by the chain to which it was attached.

"Okay, Tuff, you'll have to help me turn on the water," said Jerry, as he grasped one arm of the faucet.

After a great deal of grunting and groaning, they succeeded in getting a small trickle of water from the faucet.

"That's enough, Tuff," said Jerry. "In a little while there'll be enough water for our bath."

They waited in the darkness and listened to the trickle of water into the basin.

"I can't see anything," said Jerry, looking down into the basin. "But I guess there's enough water in there now."

He stepped back from the edge a couple of inches, ran forward, and leaped out into space in a graceful swan dive.

"Last one in is a—"

Then, instead of a splash, there was a dull thud.

"Jerry! Jerry! What happened?" screamed Tuffy, leaning over the edge and trying to see down into the basin.

"No water," said a weak little voice below. "The plug didn't go in the drain."

"Are you hurt, pal?" shouted Tuffy.

"I—I don't know," answered the weak little voice.

"Wait, I'll come down and get you, pal," said Tuffy, as he started to climb down the plug chain.

"I can't move, Tuffy. I must be hurt bad," cried Jerry, when Tuffy tried to help him to his feet. "And you can't carry me up that chain all by yourself."

"What'll we do?" cried Tuffy.

"I know," said Jerry. "Put the plug in the drain and let the basin fill up. Then I'll float to the top!"

"But you'll be drowned!" exclaimed Tuffy.

"No, not if you shove a cake of soap in the water. I can lie on it until we get to the top," answered Jerry.

Tuffy quickly put the plug in the drain and shoved the bar of soap into the basin. After what seemed ages, the basin filled up and the cake of soap, with Jerry lying on it, was on a level

with the top of the sink.

Jerry rolled off and slowly got to his feet.

"How do you feel now, pal?" inquired Tuffy.

"A little shaky, but not so bad," answered Jerry. "I don't think I broke any bones."

Tuffy helped Jerry down off the sink and they made their way slowly toward the mousehole. As they came to the end of the hall, a huge dark shape suddenly loomed up before them. It was Tom!

"Ha! I got you now!" he snarled, as he pounced on the frightened mice.

"I can't run!" gasped Jerry.

"I won't leave you, pal," squeaked Tuffy, as the cat's big paws clamped down on them.

"Yessir, I really got you now," gloated Tom. "After all these years."

He threw back his head and opened his mouth wide. Holding Tuffy by the tail, he let him down slowly into the great dark cavern. Suddenly he pulled Tuffy out again and dropped him on the floor. At the same time he released Jerry.

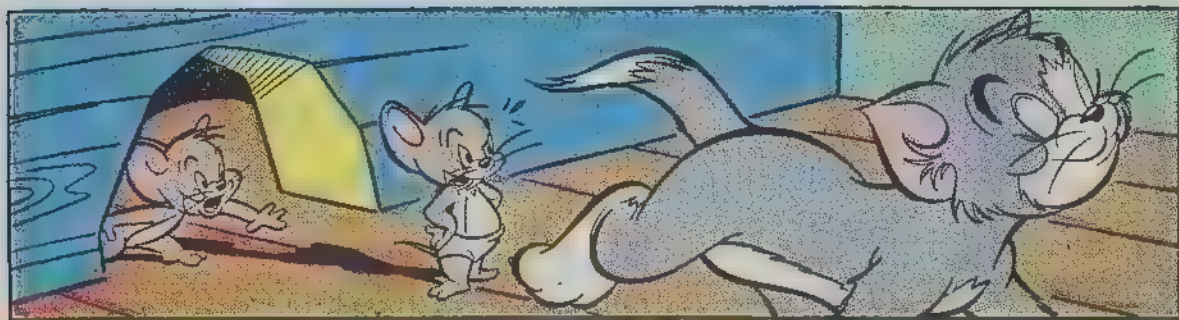
"Bah!" said the cat disgustedly. "DIRTY MICE! I wouldn't eat dirty mice if I were STARVING!"

With that, he turned around and walked off. Back in their little apartment, Jerry began to feel much better. It seemed that he was not badly hurt after all.

"Well," said Tuffy, "I guess you'll agree with me now that it pays to be dirty."

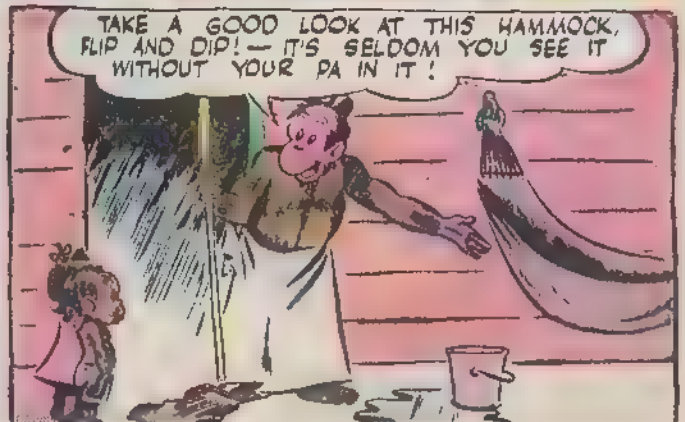
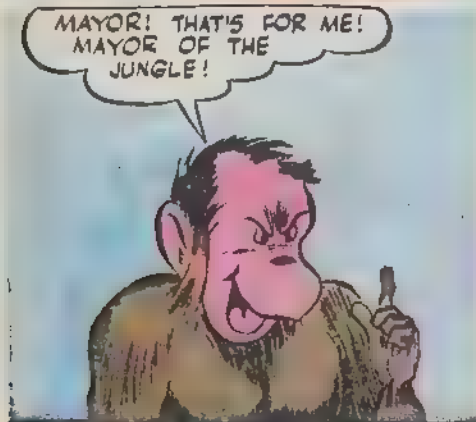
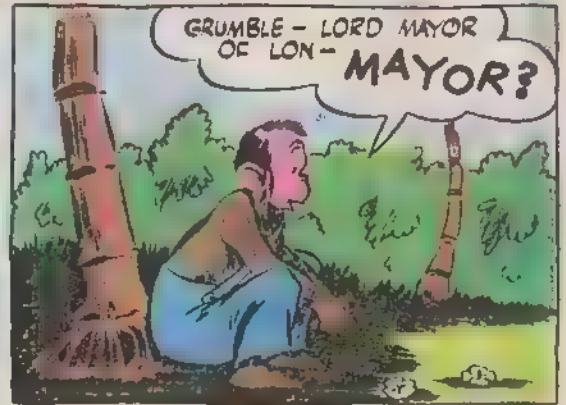
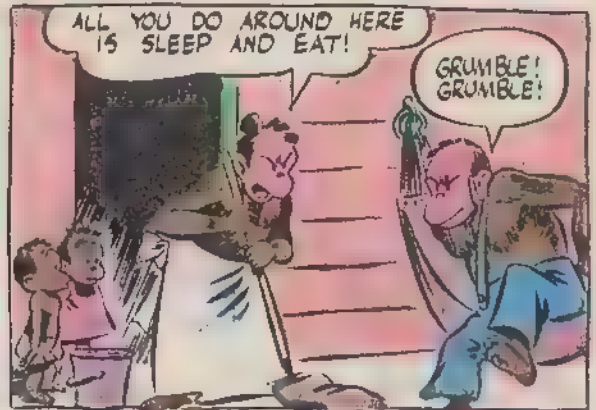
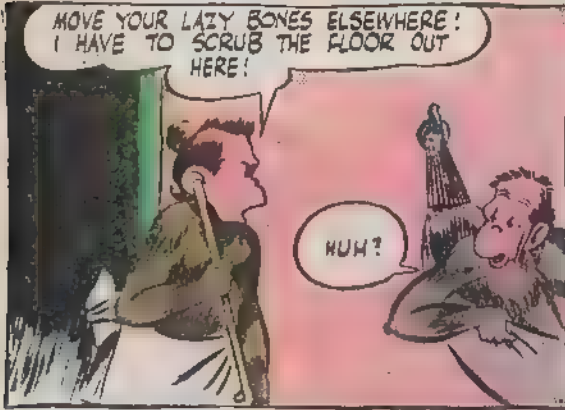
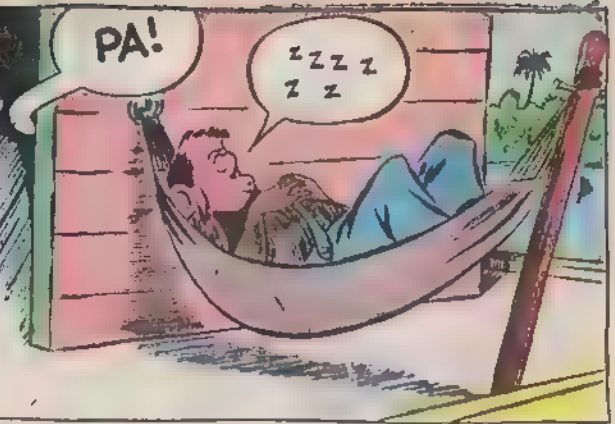
"Yes," said Jerry, "SOMETIMES. But we're taking a bath tomorrow all the same."

"AW!" said Tuffy.

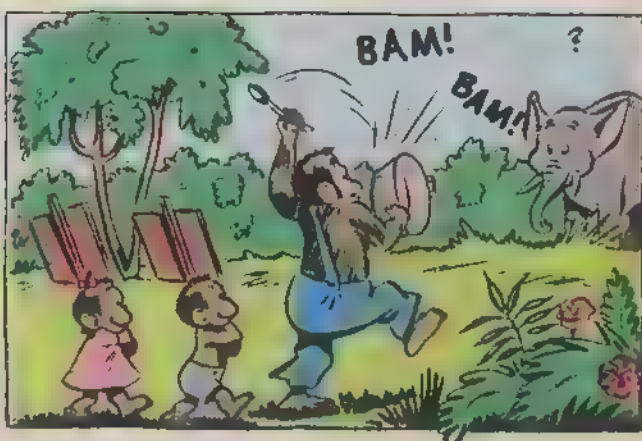
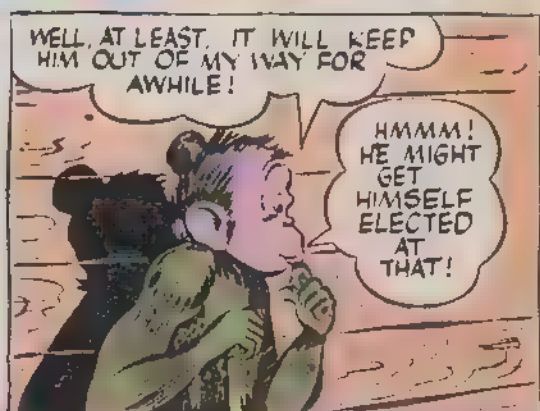
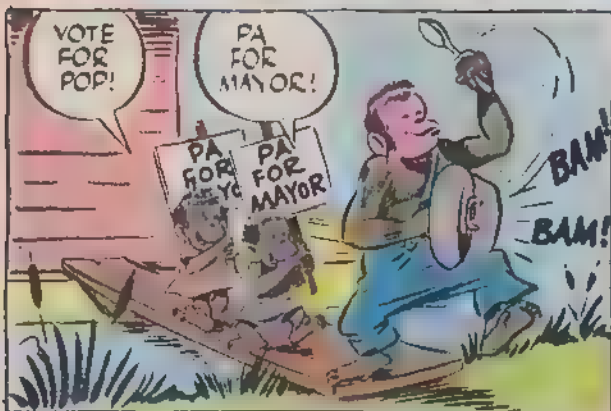
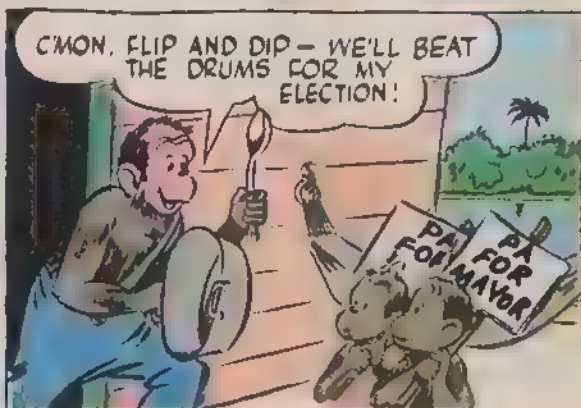
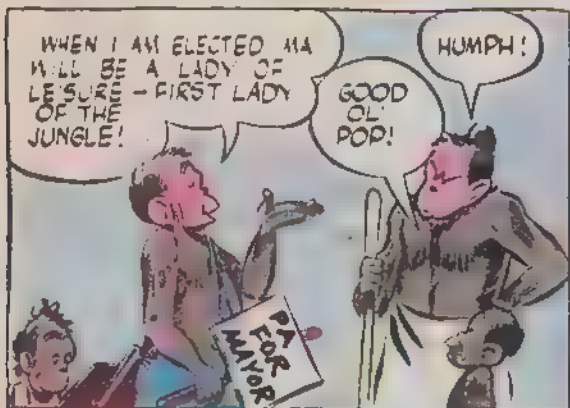
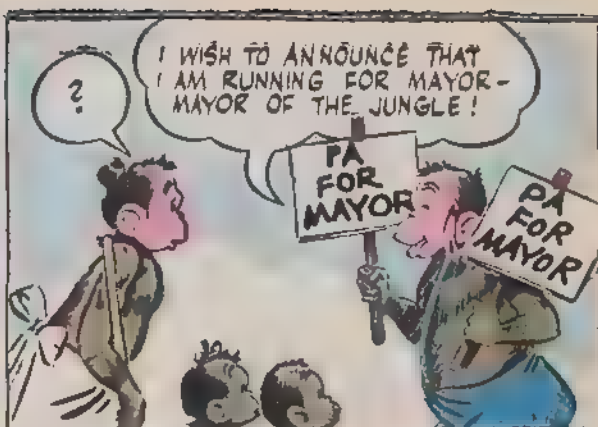
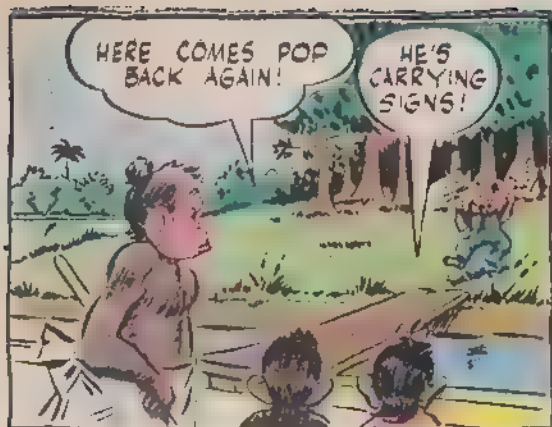


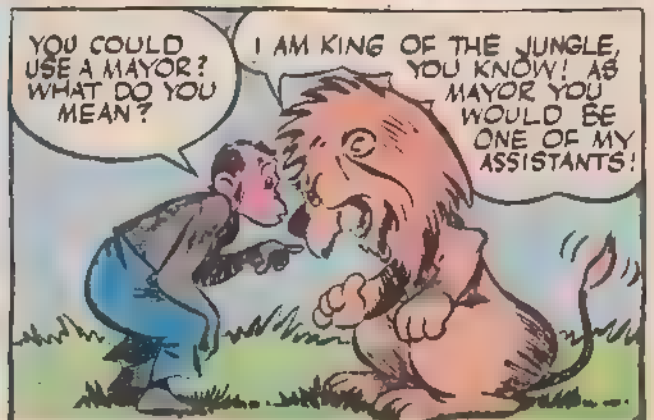
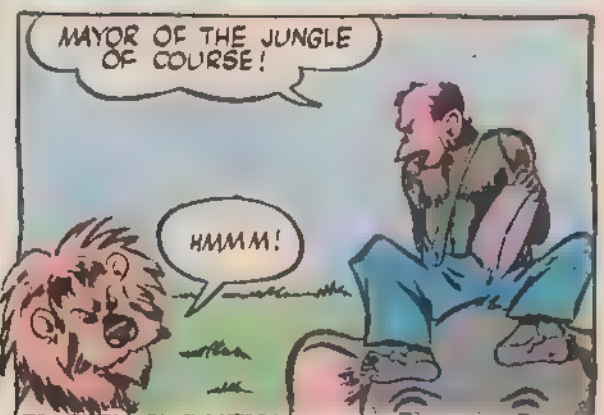
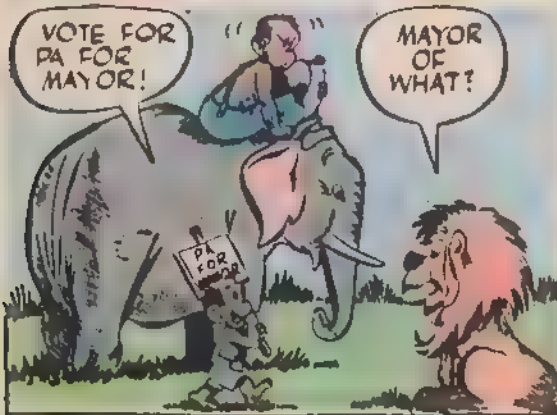
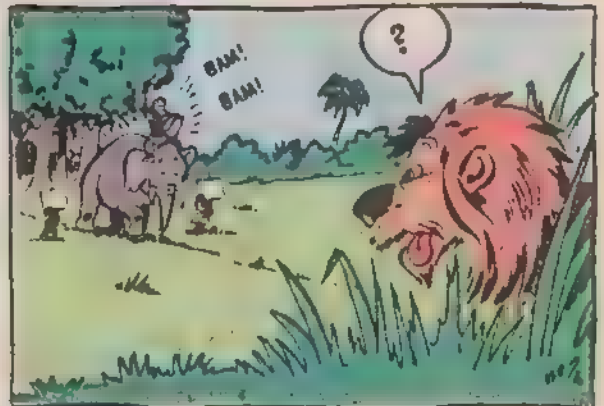
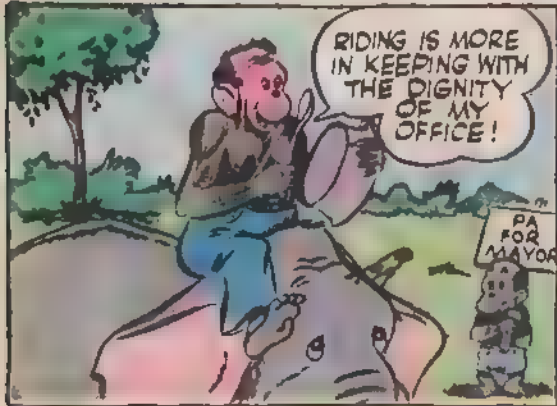
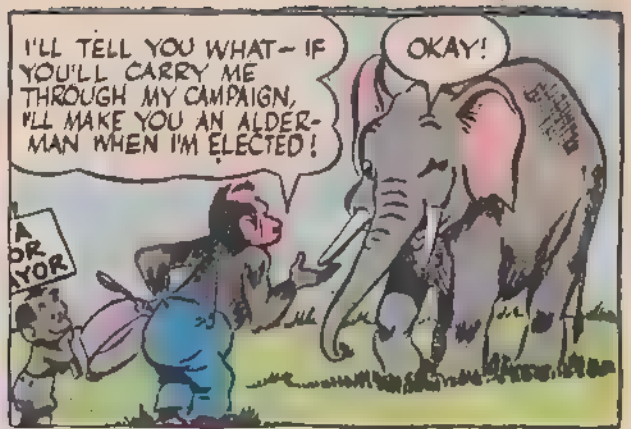
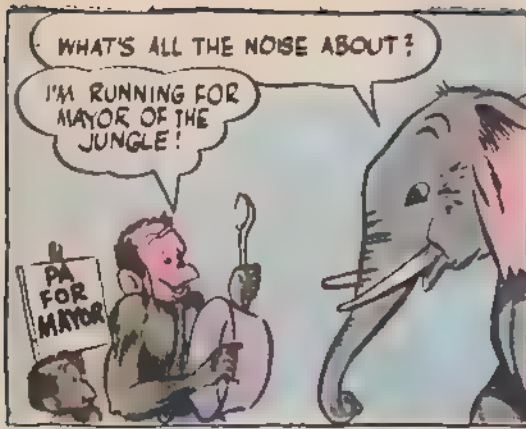
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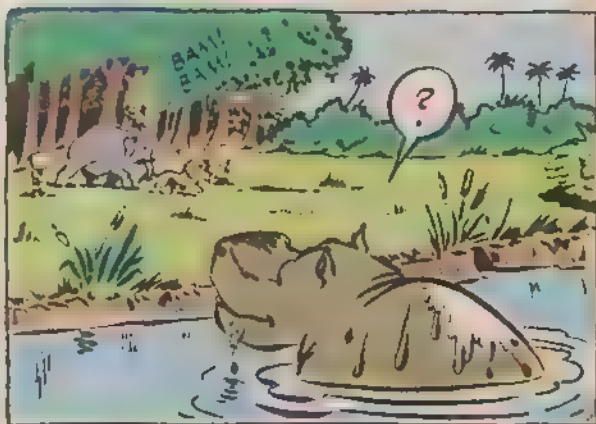
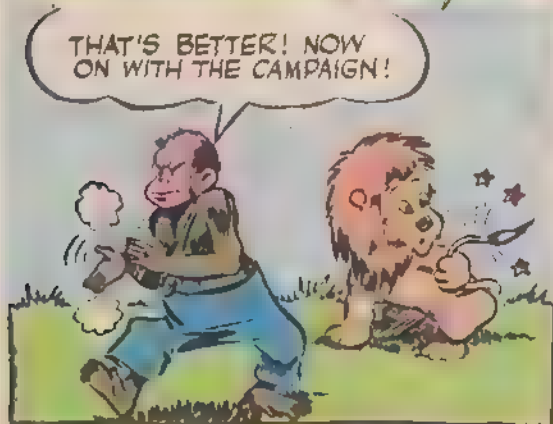
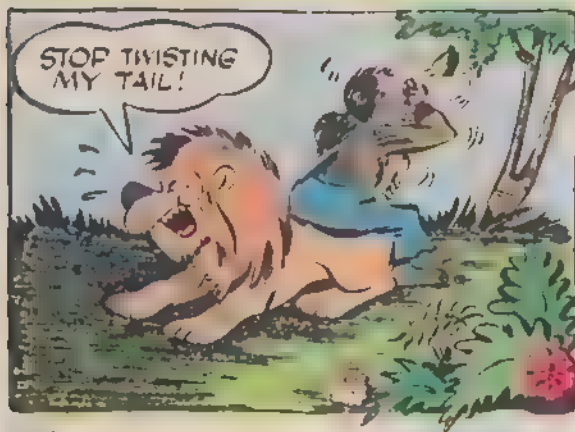
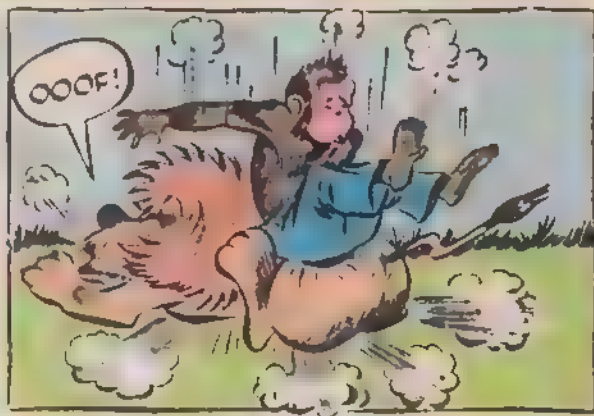
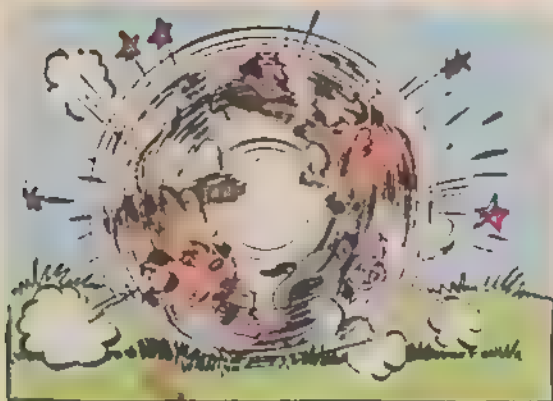
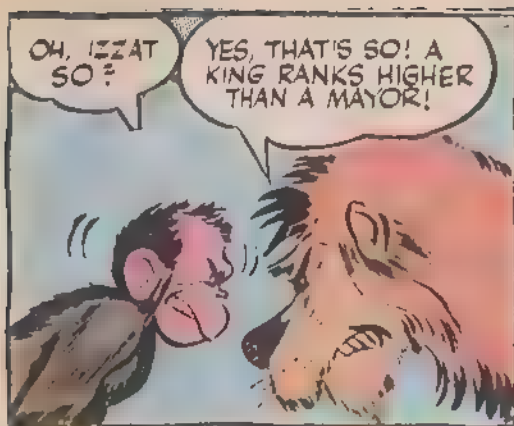
COPY, 1947 BY OSCAR LEBBEK

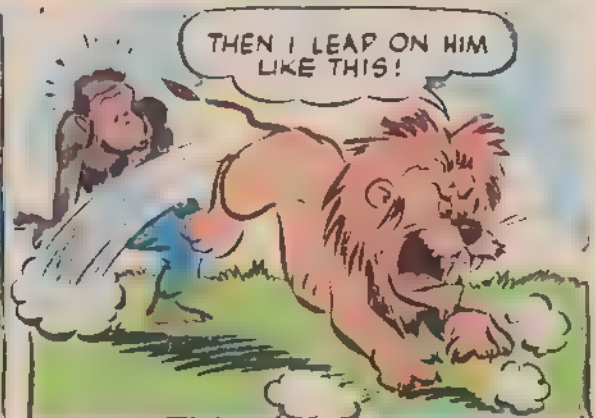
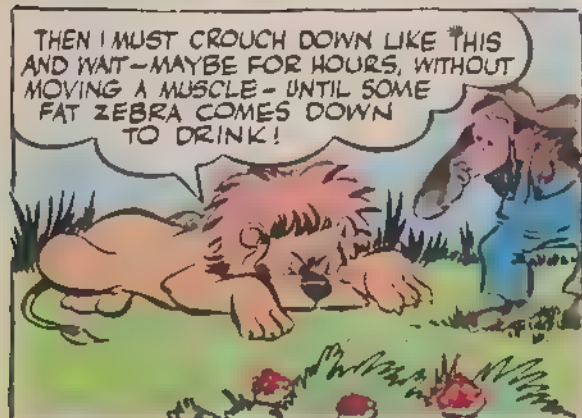
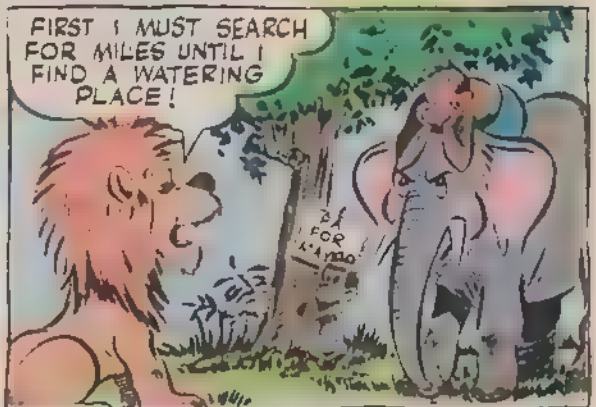
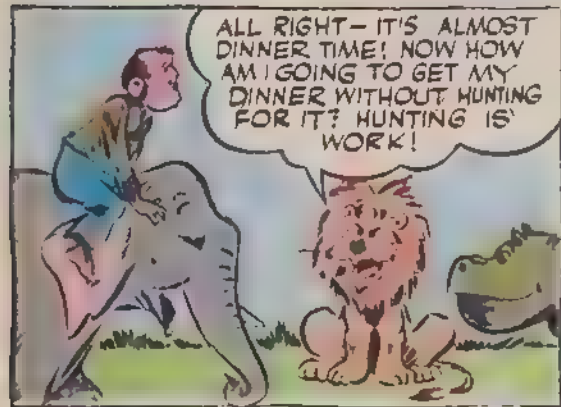
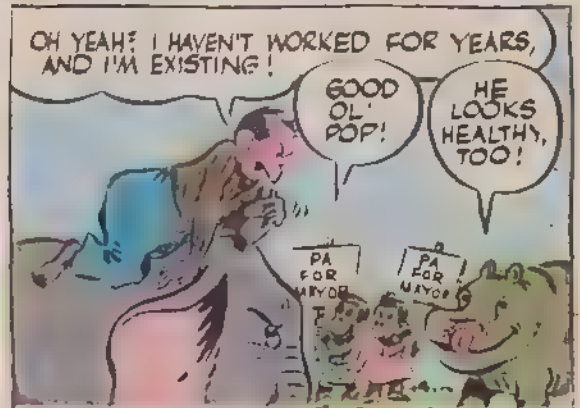
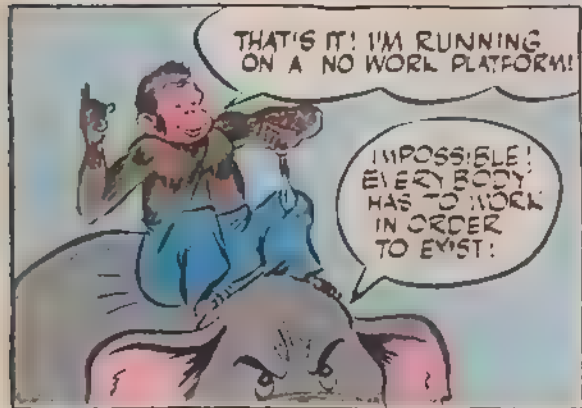
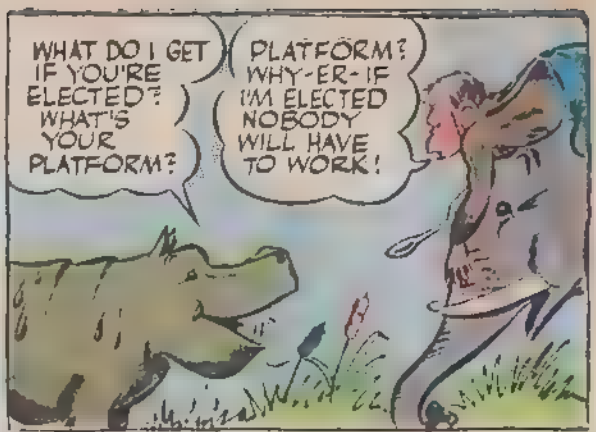


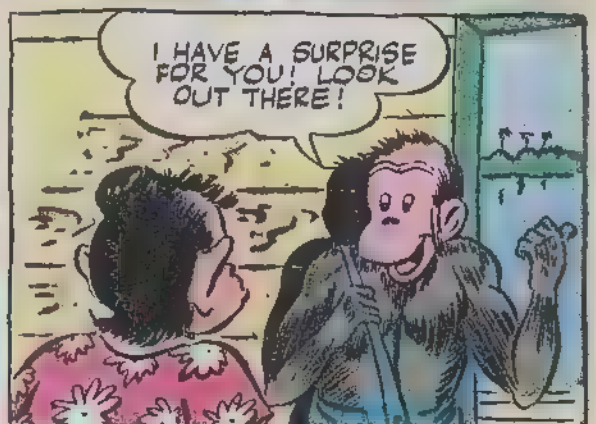
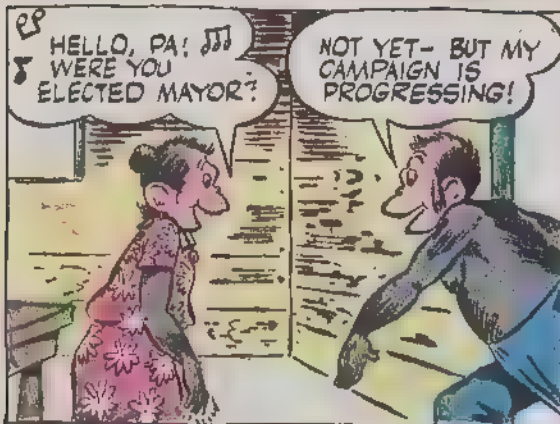
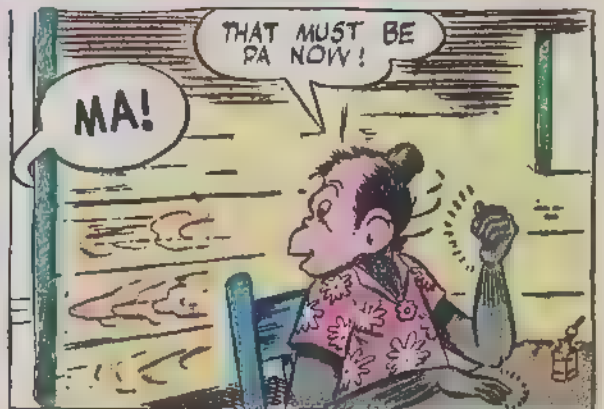
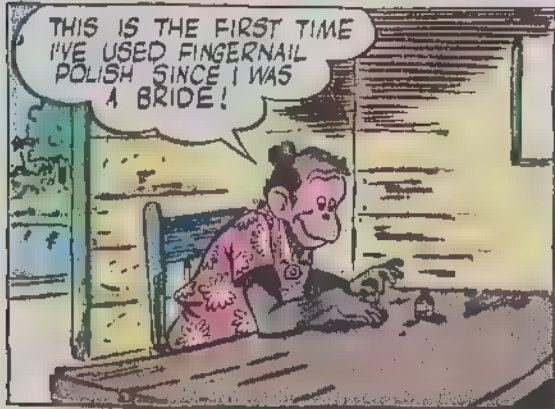
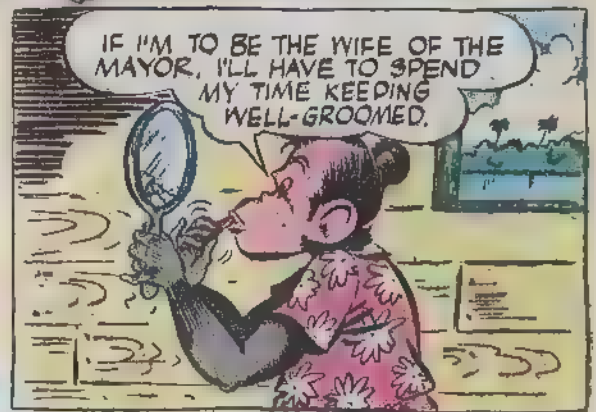
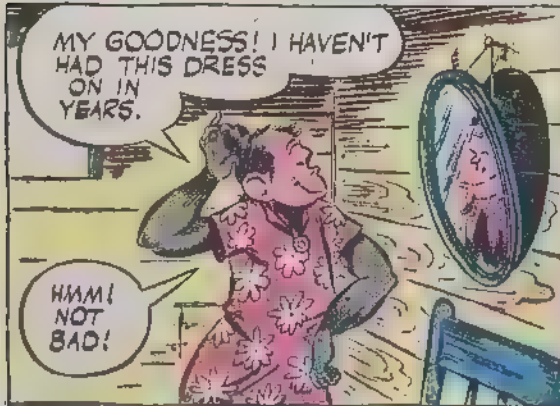
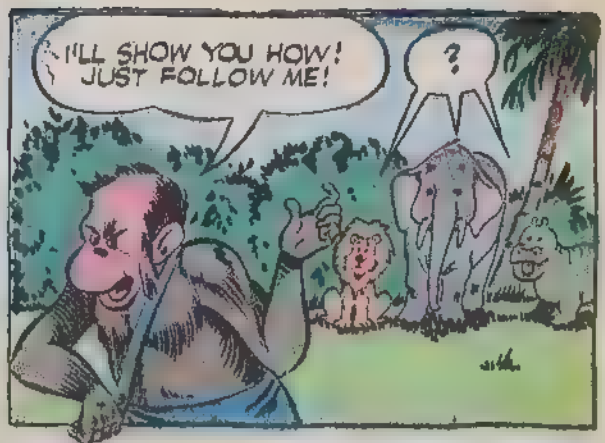
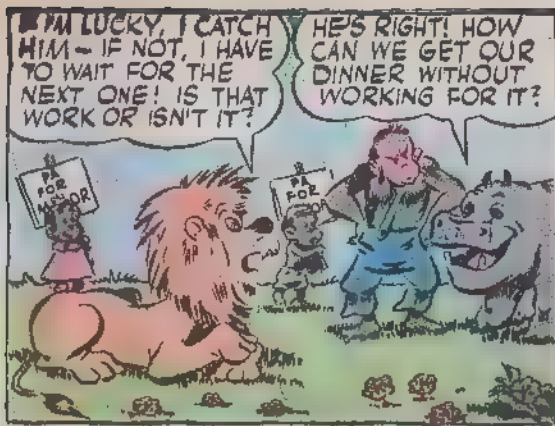
See the grand Christmas Gift Offer on back cover.

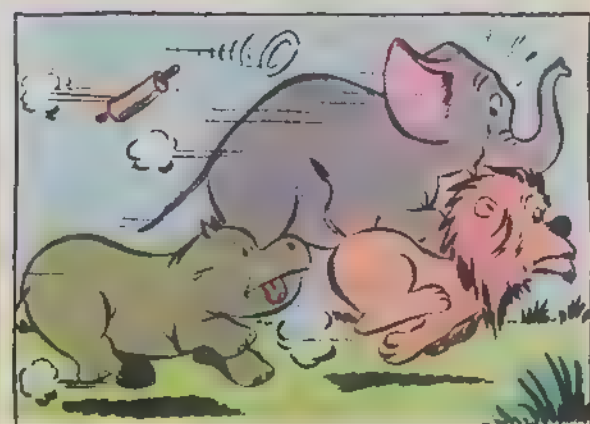
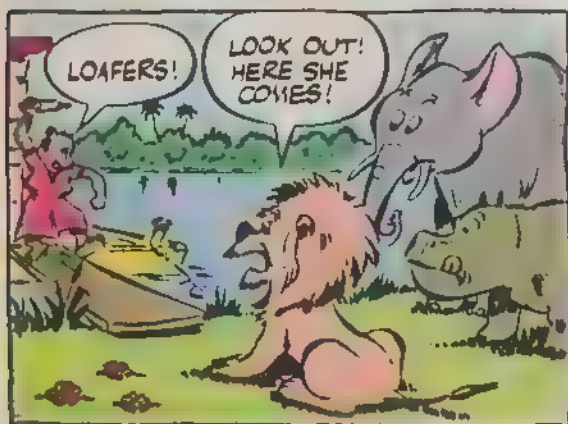
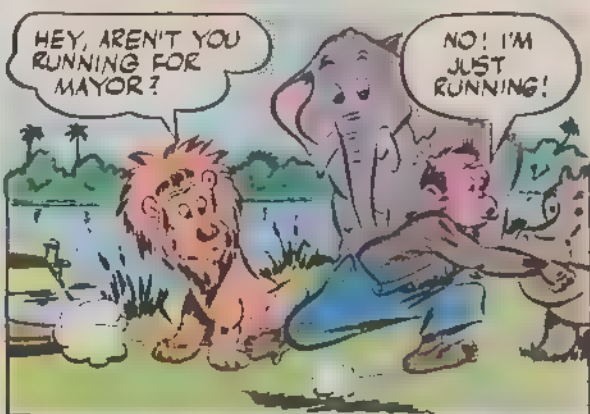
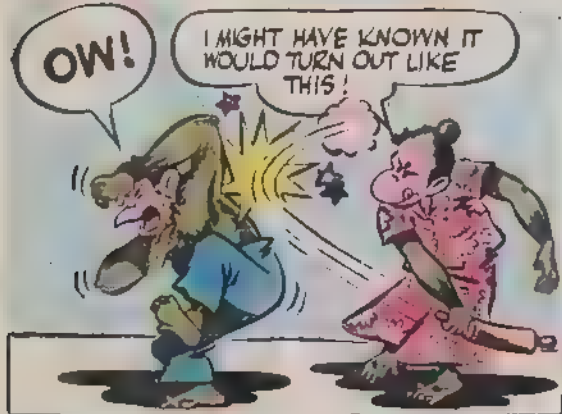
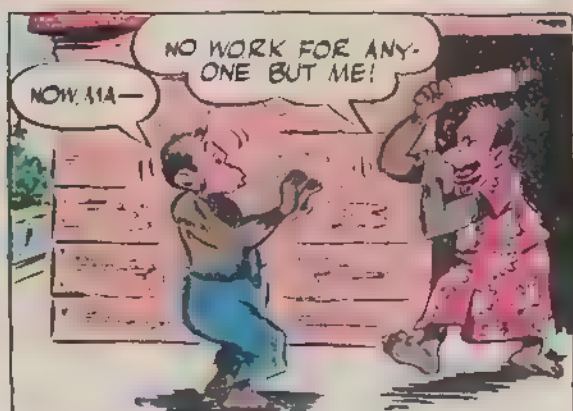
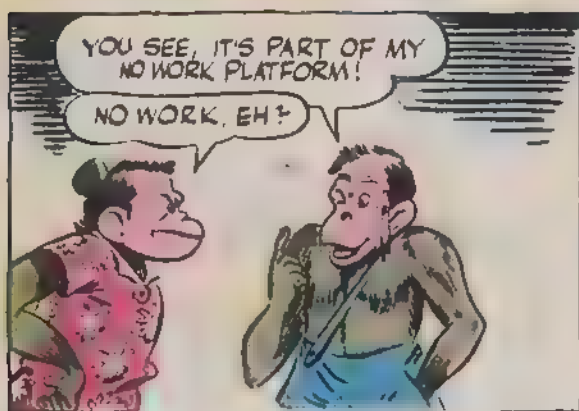
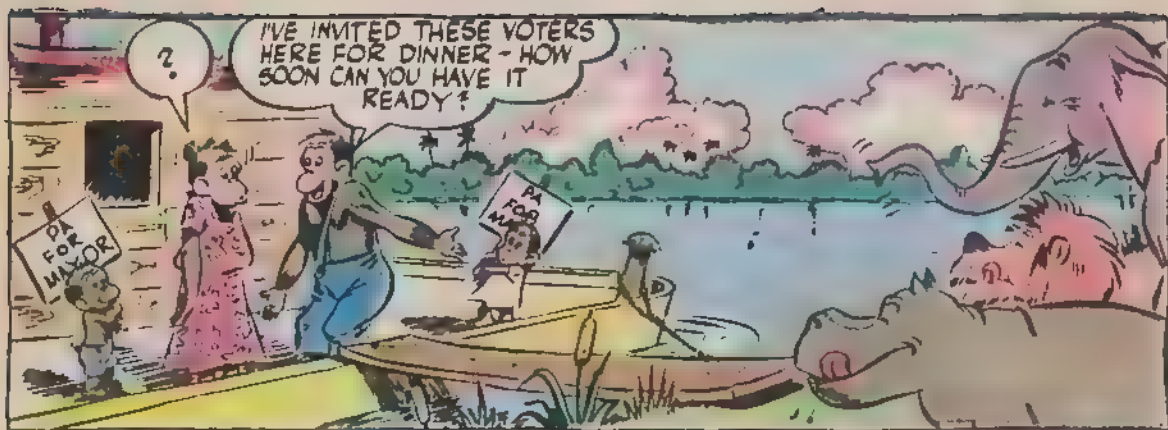


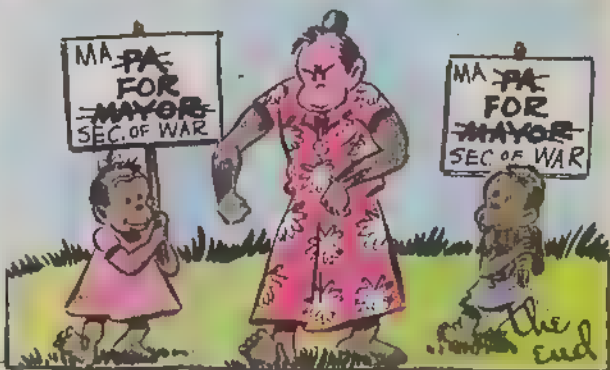
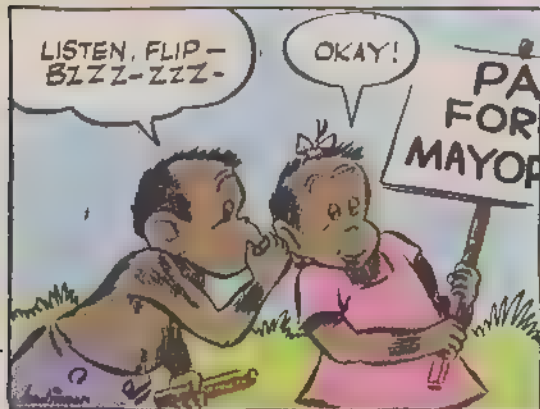
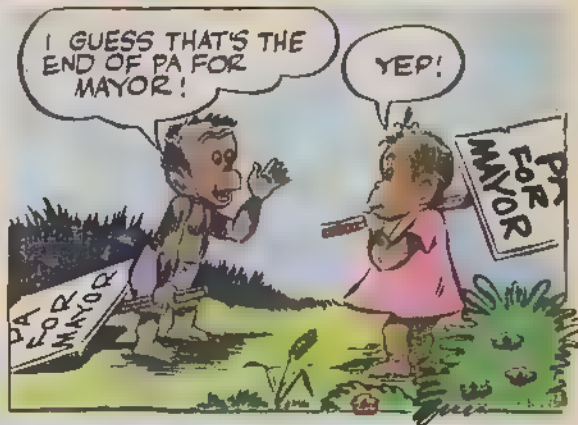
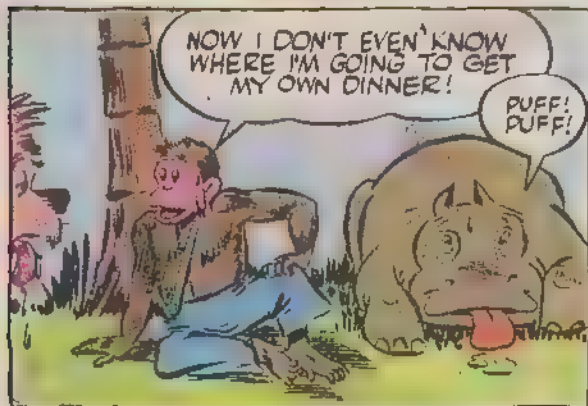
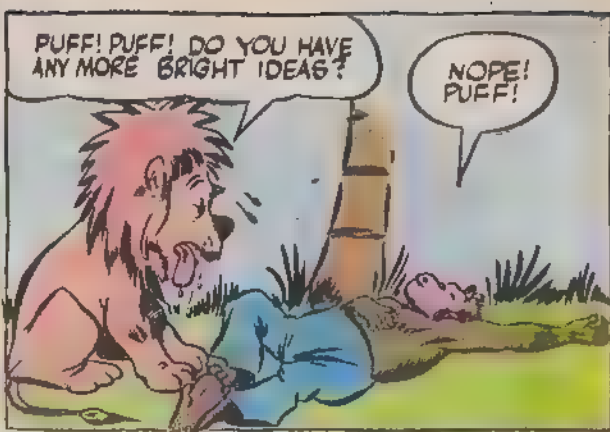
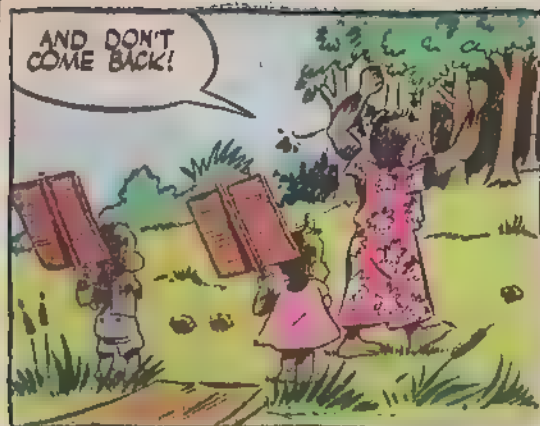












STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 of Our Gang With Tom & Jerry published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947, State of New York, County of New York, is:
 Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of Our Gang With Tom & Jerry and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semi-weekly, or tri-weekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption), required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
 2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER

Business Manager

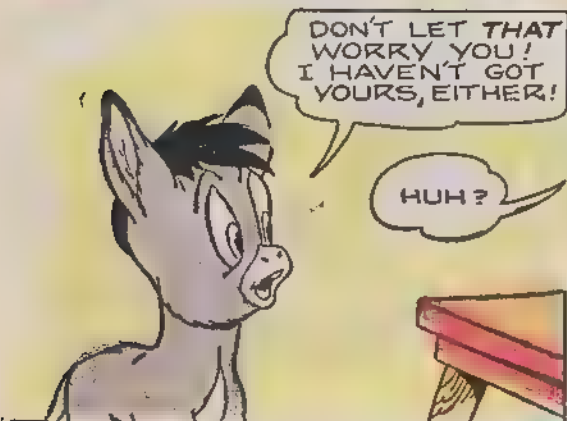
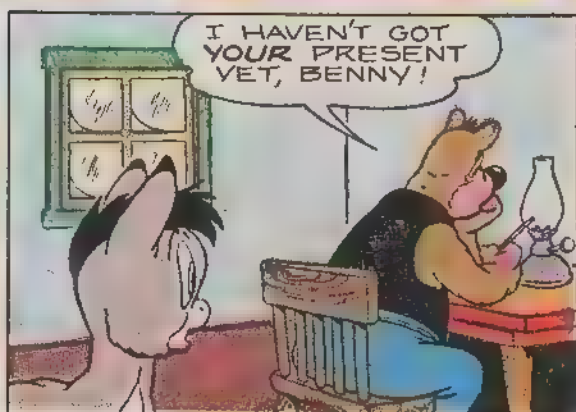
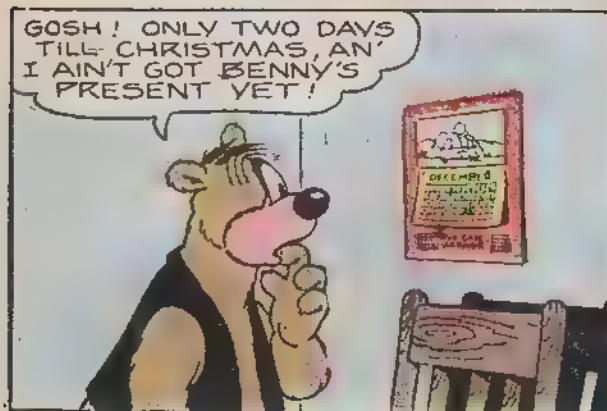
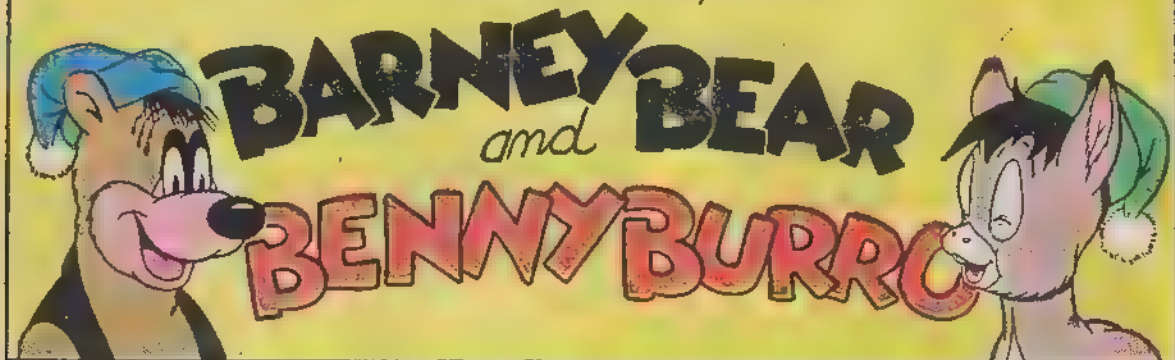
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1947

JEANNETTE SMITH (GREEN)

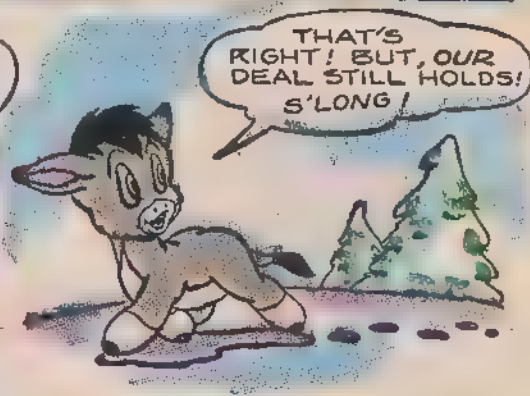
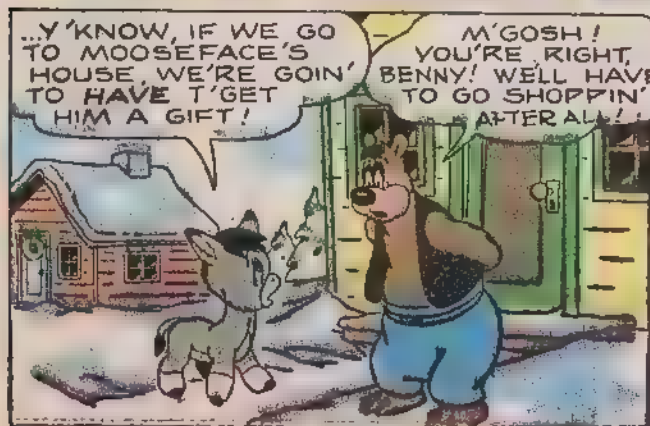
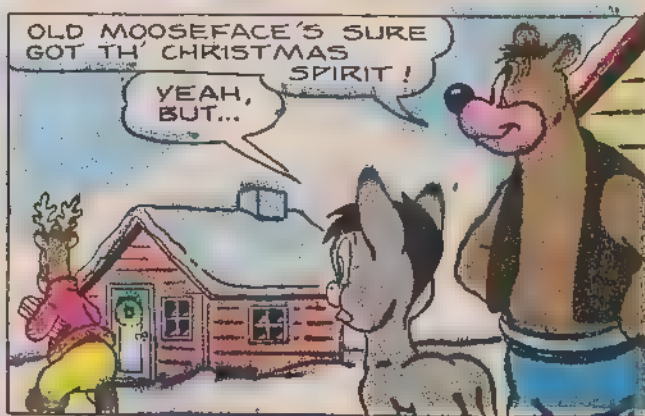
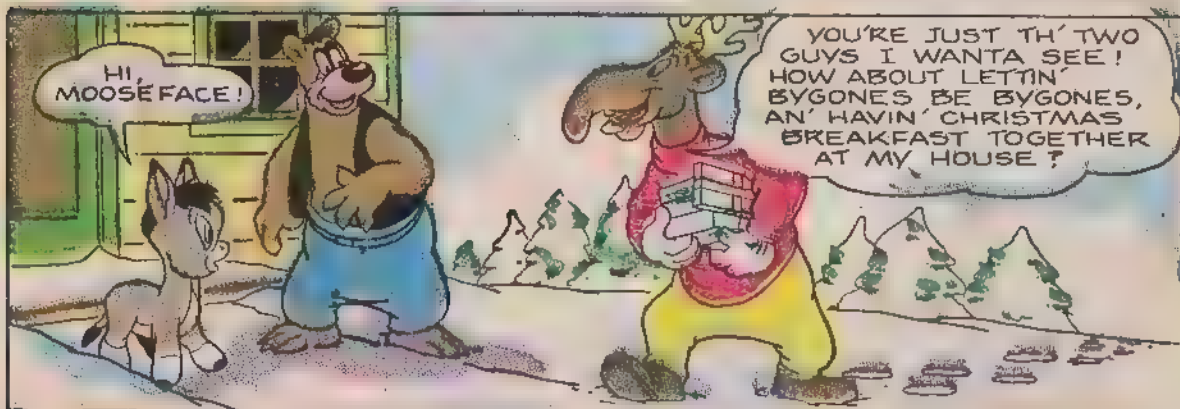
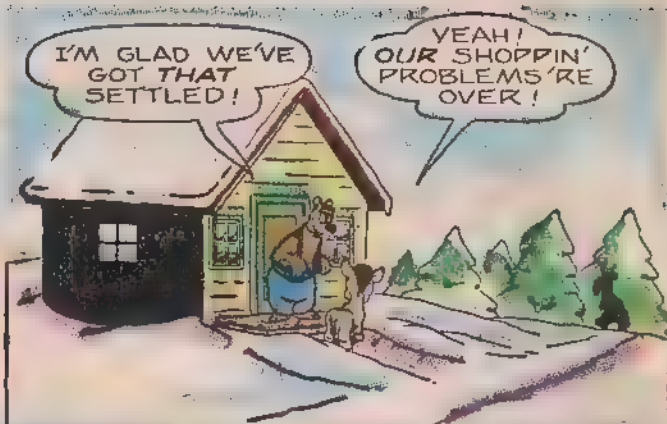
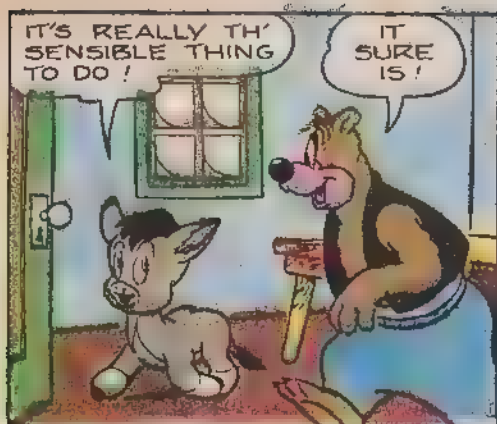
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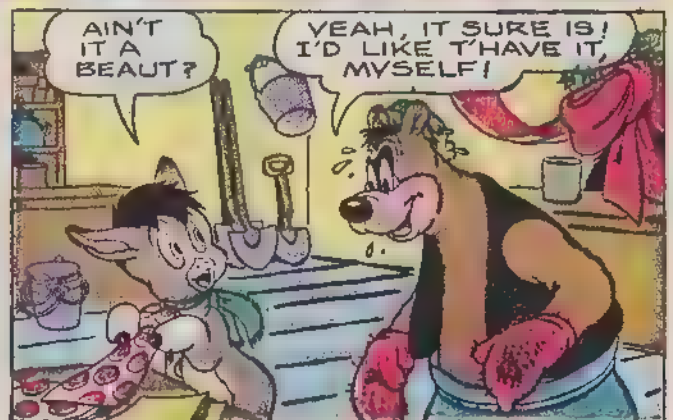
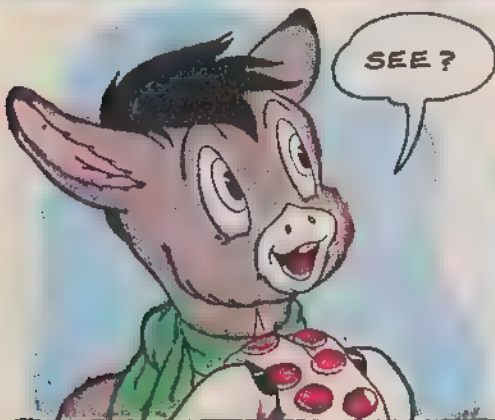
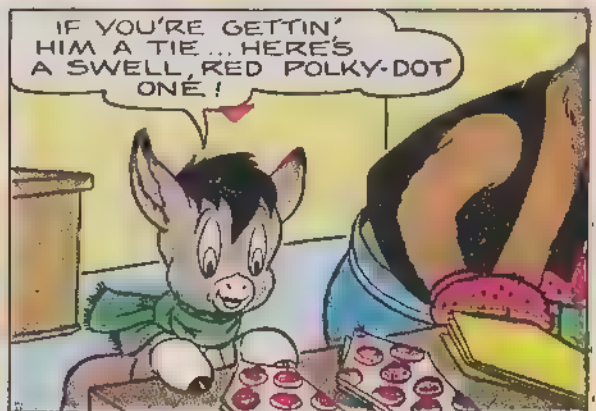
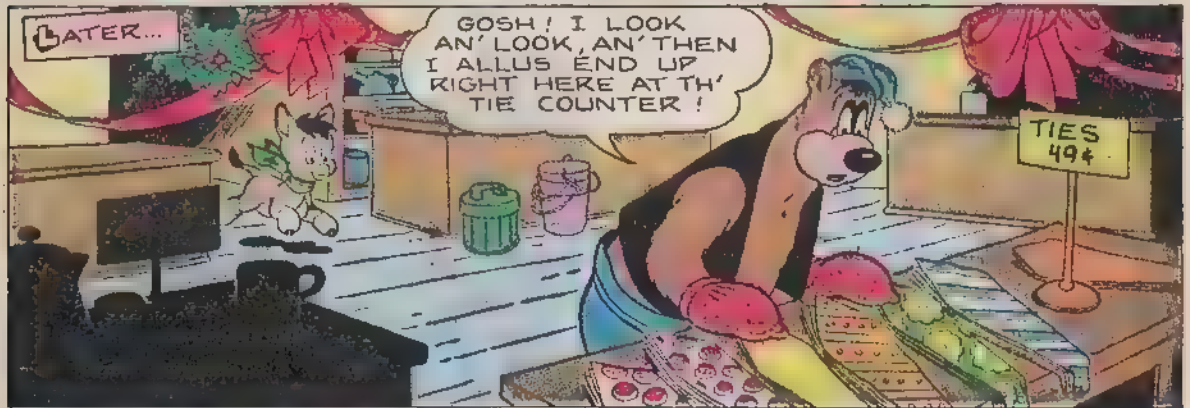
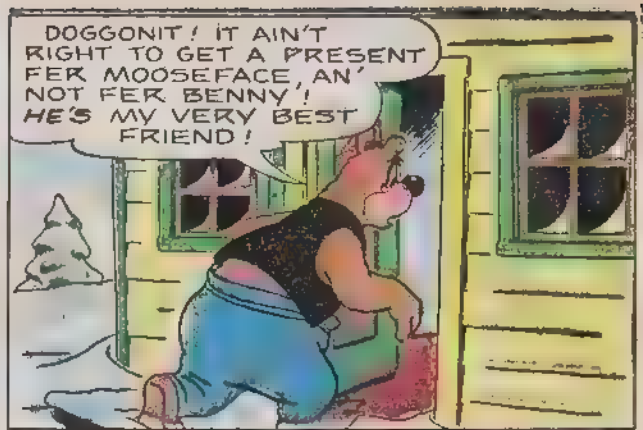
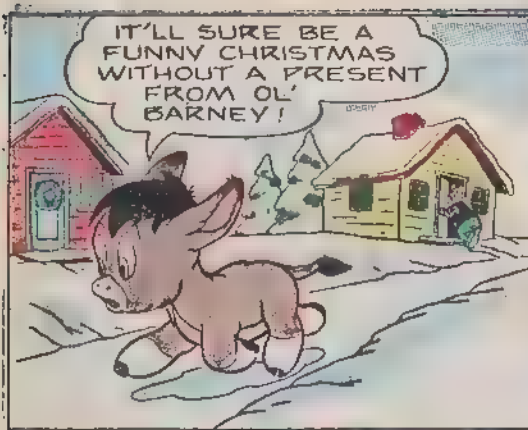
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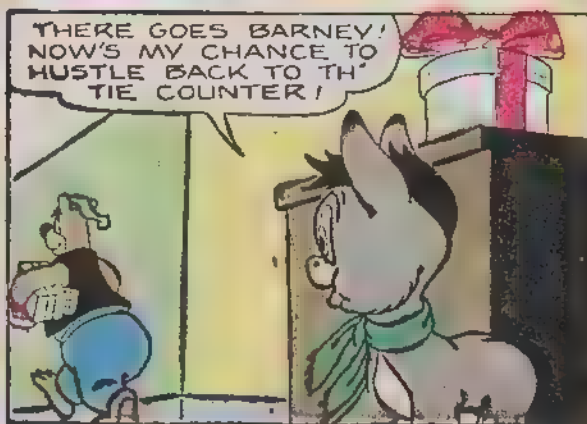
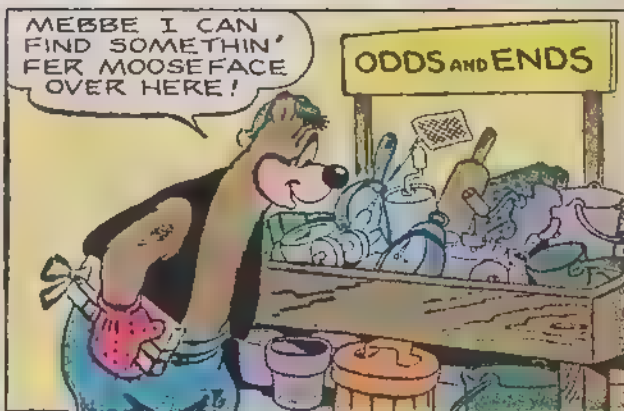
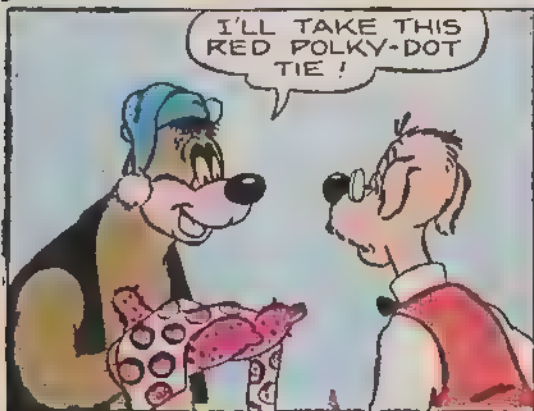
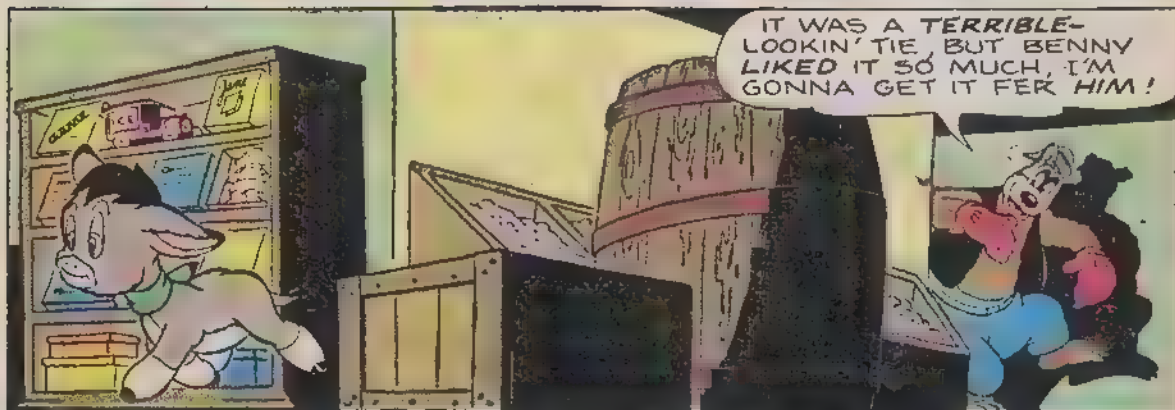
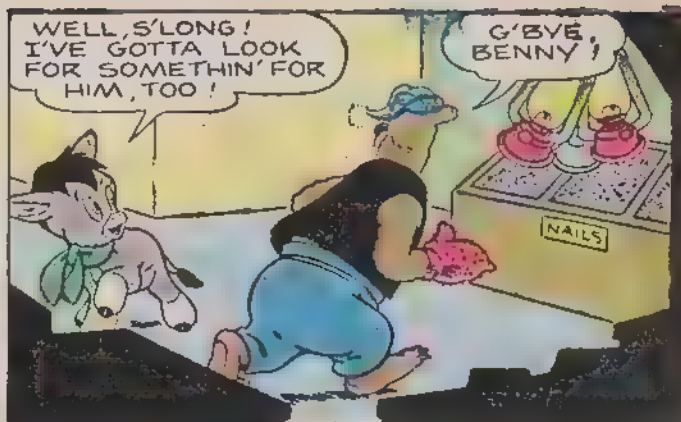
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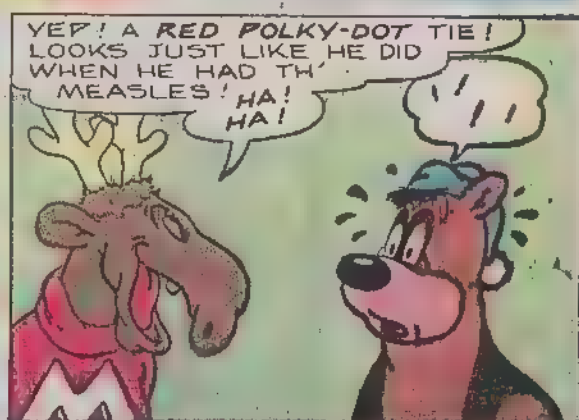
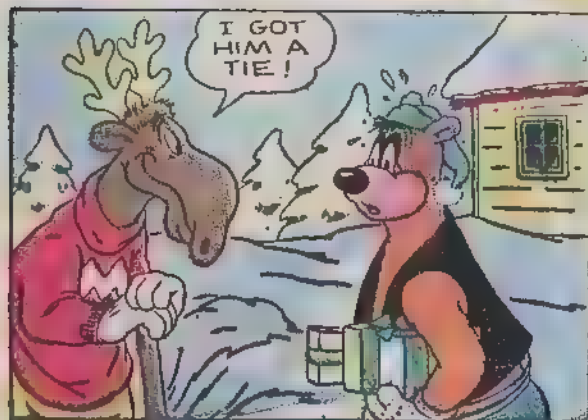
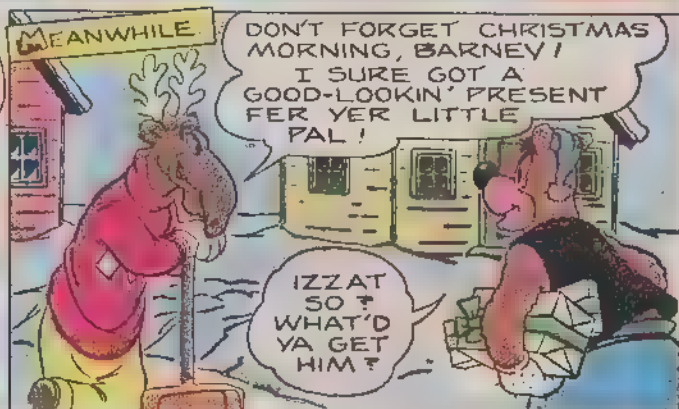
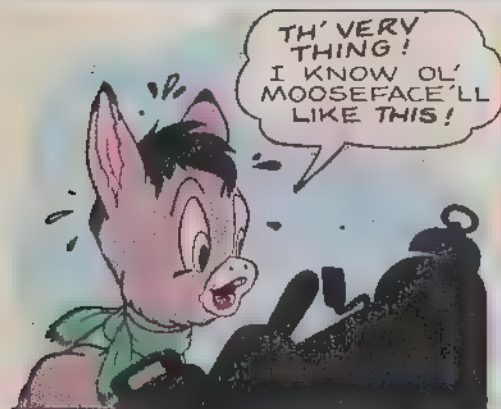
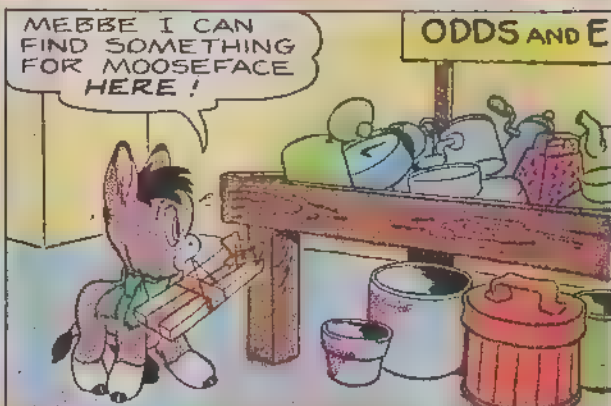
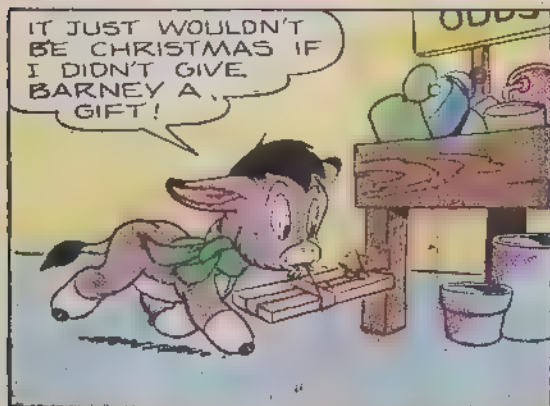
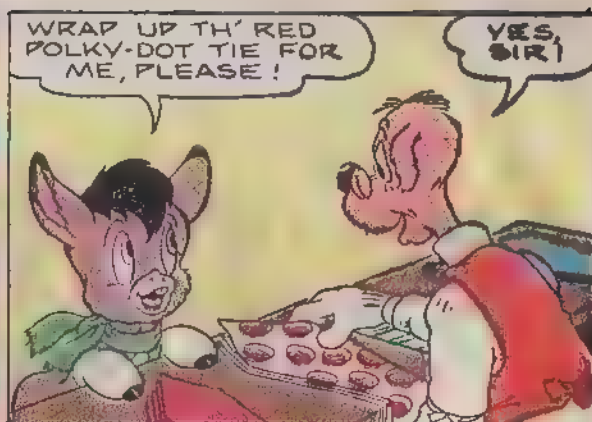
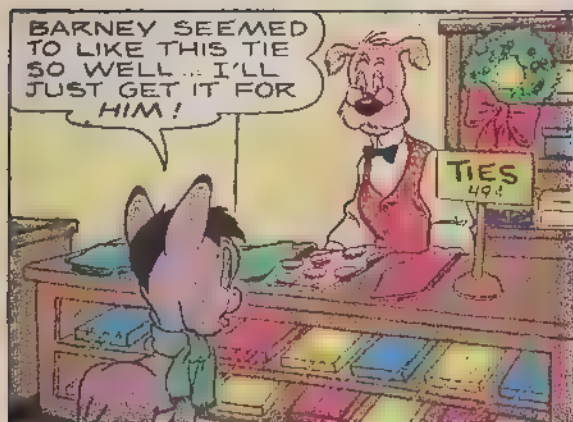


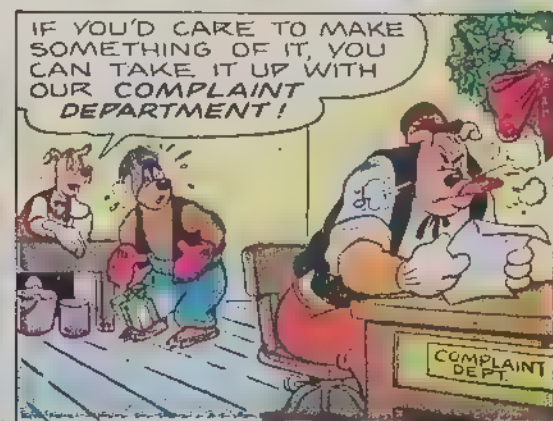
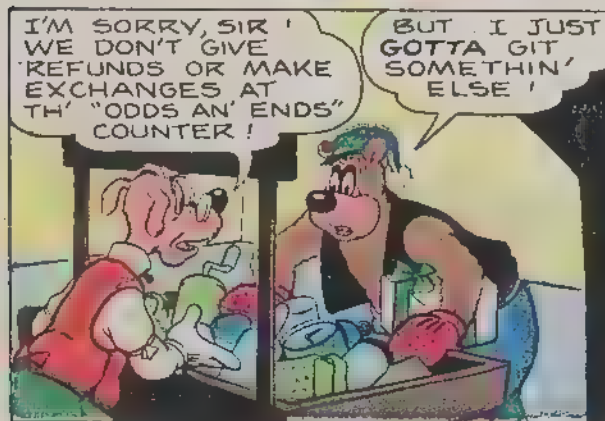
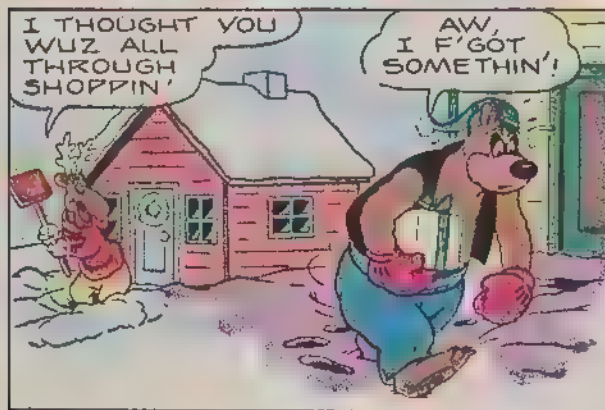
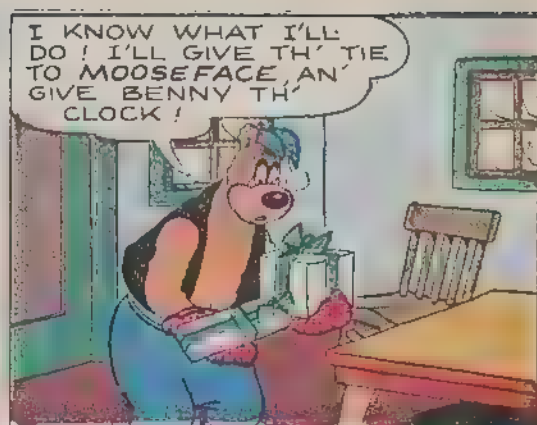
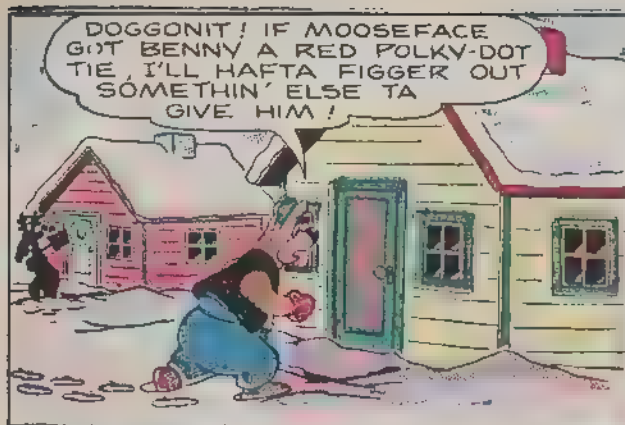
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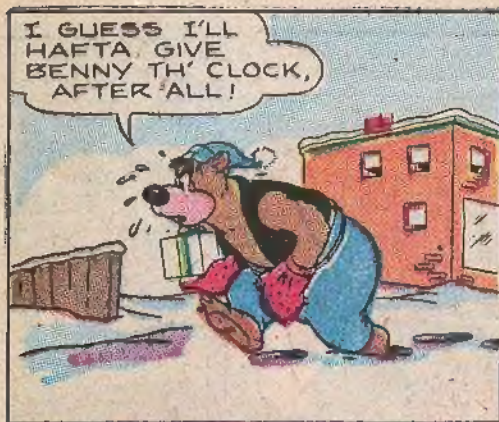


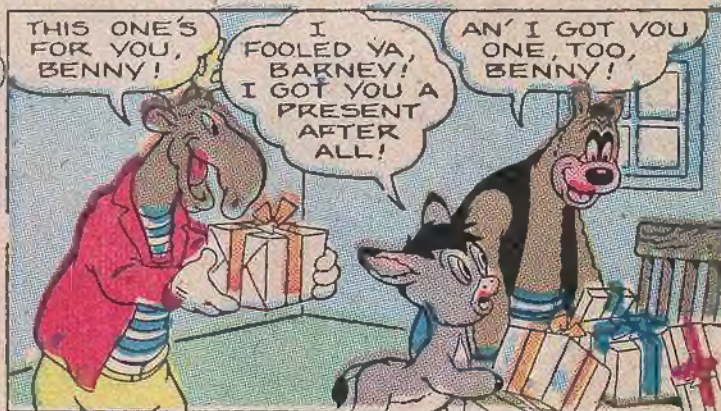
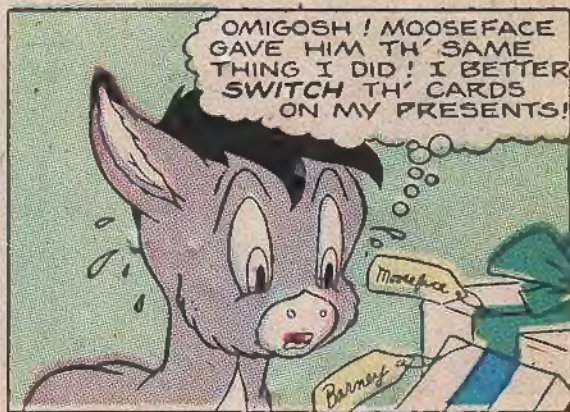
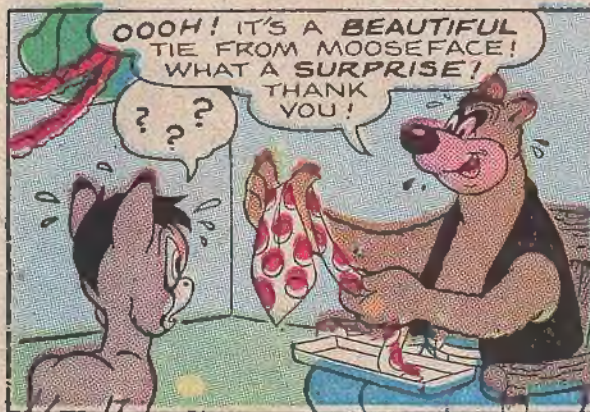












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